This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

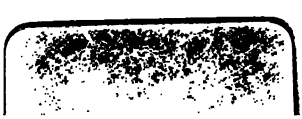
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



SONNETS,

ODES,

AND

ELEGIES.

BY

ALEXANDER THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF WHIST, THE PARADISE OF TASTE, AND THE PICTURES OF POETRY.

No flow-form'd Creatures of Scholaſtic thought,
Children of Paſſion theſe. HAYLEY.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by Mundell & Son,

FOR CADELL AND DAVIES, LONDON;
AND P. HILL, EDINBURGH.

1801.

LIBRARY

PREFACE.

In arranging the preſent Collection for the Preſs, a chronological order has been generally adopted; and as ſome of the Pieces will appear, from their dates, to have been written at a very early period, the Author could wiſh that the candor of Criticiſm would not determine upon the merit of the whole from peruſing a few of the firſt articles; although he is ſenſible, on the other hand, that there are ſome Readers to whom theſe Pieces will be far more attractive than any of the others, even on account of their romantic extravagance, as better exhibiting the true Inamorato, than the more chaſtened and rational ſentiments of a maturer age upon the ſame ſubject.

He muſt confeſs, however, that there is a little fallacy in the dates of a few of the earlier Sonnets, which did not appear, at their firſt production, exactly in the form which they now wear. The ſen-

timent expreſſed in them was indeed the ſame, but the meaſure was infinitely more ſimple; and it was not till many years afterwards that they underwent an alteration into the Sonnet form, when that mode of poetical compoſition became, on account of its brevity and preciſion, the favourite and almoſt excluſive vehicle for all the Author's occaſional effuſions.

Of the Odes and Elegies he ſhall ſay nothing, as they have nothing peculiar either in matter or manner, except that one of the earlier Odes is attempted in meaſure without rhyme. But as the Sonnets, whether original or tranſlated, make ſo large a portion of the Volume, it may not be improper in this place to dwell a little longer upon them.

To the ſtrict advocates for the legitimate Sonnet in all the rigour of the ITALIAN model, many of theſe will undoubtedly be thought wholly unworthy of the title they aſſume; while thoſe of a more accurate conſtruction will, on the other hand, be laughed at by thoſe who are inclined to conſider the Sonnet on a level, in laborious trifling, with the Anagram and Acroſtick. I truſt, however, that in

this Collection there will be ſomething accommodated to every taſte, how different ſoever in this particular; as I have attempted almoſt every variety of ſtructure which the compaſs of fourteen lines could admit, from that which employs only three rhymes, and thoſe frequently of identical expreſſion, to that which is formed by the ſimple union of three elegiac Stanzas and a Couplet.

Beſides this great diverſity of Manner, the Reader will meet, in the Original Sonnets, with an equal variety in point of Matter. Amatory, Deſcriptive, and Sentimental ſubjects, have hitherto been almoſt the only topics on which the Sonnet has been accuſtomed to dwell; but, beſides theſe, I have frequently employed it in the enunciation of Critical opinions, a practice in which I had but few precurſors; and even, in two or three inſtances, I have attempted a ſtill greater novelty, to give it a Comic or Ludicrous caſt, of my ſucceſs in which the Reader muſt determine.

Moſt of the Tranſlated Pieces are from the GERMAN. Of theſe there are a few from the Tragedy of the ROBBERS; but the far greater number is

expreſſed in them was indeed the ſame, but
:eaſure was infinitely more ſimple; and it was
ill many years afterwards that they underwent
alteration into the Sonnet form, when that mode
poetical compoſition became, on account of it
:evity and preciſion, the favourite and almoſt e
lufive vehicle for all the Author's occaſional eff

ſions.

Of the Odes and Elegies he ſhall ſay nothing
they have nothing peculiar either in matter or
ner, except that one of the earlier Odes is att
ed in meaſure without rhyme. But as the So
whether original or tranſlated, make ſo larg
tion of the Volume, it may not be impro
place to dwell a little longer upon them
To the ſtrict advocates for the legi
in all the rigour of the ITALIAN
theſe will undoubtedly be thought
of the title they aſſume; while th
curate conſtruction will, on
laughed at by thoſe who ar
the Sonnet on a level, in
Anagram and Acroſtic

from the SORROWS OF WERTER. And here let me ſtop to aſſure thoſe, whoſe moral feelings may render them ſcrupulous with regard to the tendency of the laſt of theſe works, that moſt of my Imitations from it will be found to turn upon general ſubjects, entirely unconnected with his unfortunate attachment, and that there is not in any of them the ſlighteſt alluſion to the dreadful cataſtrophe which concludes the performance.

Among the Tranſlations, the Reader will find alſo a few of the Pſalms in the form of Sonnets; an attempt which the Author inclines to wonder that none of their tranſlators had made before, as it is a form for which many of theſe venerable Pieces, on account of their brevity, are well fitted.

He has only to add, that a few of the Sonnets have already appeared upon different occaſions; ſcarcely however exceeding twenty, a very ſmall proportion when compared with the whole. Not one of the Odes or Elegies has ever before met the public eye.

ODES.

ODES.

ODE I.

ON THE

GENIUS OF PINDAR.

I.

TO yonder Mountain turn thine eye,
Where awful cliffs, projecting ſteep,
Pendent ſhade the hoary deep,
And tow'ring ſummits pierce the diſtant ſky:
See, adown its ſhaggy ſides,
Torrents fierce unnumber'd roll;
Nought can ſtop their foaming tides,
Nor aught their rage controul:

Trees, though firm, and rocks, though ſtrong,
Trees and rocks they bear along;
Till headlong, with impetuous bound,
At once they plunge into the deep profound,
And Father Ocean ſtarts, affrighted at the ſound.

II.

But on the Mountain's topmoſt heights,
Behold a flaming car appears,
Which, in his bold and rapid flights,
The Theban Bard ecſtatic bears.
From the ſummit, lo, he ſprings;
His burning wheels pure Ether's wave divide:
Sublime he thus delights to ride:
The Eagle, monarch of the feather'd kind*,
Attendant at his maſter's ſide,
Waits his will, and ſnuffs the wind.
He takes his lyre: he ſtrikes the ſtrings:

* Pindar compares himſelf to the eagle, Olymp. II. 159.

The ſong is neither ſweet, nor ſoft, nor mild,
But great, irregular and wild;
And without art, without controul,
He pours unbounded forth th' effuſions of his ſoul.

III.

Four of the bright, celeſtial choir *,
Reclin'd the golden clouds among,
Attentive liſten, and admire
The ſounds of his enchanting lyre,
And boldneſs of his ſong.
Olympian Jove himſelf is there:
There is the monarch of the Iſthmian main,
And he by whom the Pythian ſnake was ſlain:
There ſits the Theban hero too,
Whoſe hand Nemea's monſter ſlew;

* Theſe four deities were ſuppoſed to preſide over the Olympic, Iſthmian, Pythian, and Nemean Games; to the celebration of the victories obtained in which, Pindar principally devoted his Muſe.

Who, when his glorious toils were o'er,
Triumphant reach'd th' immortal ſhore,
Where now, in glitt'ring bow'rs, he reſts from care,
And ſports, in am'rous mood, with Hebe's golden hair.

IV.

How clear the ſky!—The ſtar of day *
Darts down fierce torrents of reſplendent light;
The Bard, tranſported at the ſight,
Bids his feather'd ſlave obey;
Commands the bird aloft to riſe,
And view the ſun with daring eyes.
He knows the voice: he ſpreads his wings:
Fierce at once he upward ſprings;

* Μηκετ' ἀλιου σκοπει
Αλλο θαλπνοτερον
Εν ἀμερᾳ φαεντον ἀστερ,
Ερημας δι' αἰθερος.

OLYMP. I. 7.

And, ſoaring high with ſtedfaſt gaze,
Unſhrinking, views the ſolar blaze:
Deſcending, then, reſumes his wonted place,
And ſhakes his ruffled plumes with formidable grace.

Aberdeen, April 1781.

ODE II.

Is She not more than painting can expreſs?——Rowe.

OH, for the famous Raphael's magic art,
To paint that Star of Beauty bright,
Ever preſent to my mind,
Though abſent from my view!

But much I fear that Raphael's wond'rous art
Would fail to paint that lovely form;
Nor his glowing, vivid tints,
Her matchleſs charms pourtray.

What art could imitate her auburn hair,
In graceful ringlets, waving ſoft,
O'er her alabaſter neck,
And ſighing in the breeze?—

But, oh! how daring the attempt, to ſhow
Her eyes, thoſe radiant lamps of love;
Living lamps, whoſe light divine
Illumes my darken'd ſoul!

From them alone my heart can pleaſure know:
Each beaming glance they dart on me
Swift into my boſom glides,
And kindles rapture there.

Thoſe cheeks, where Love his radiant banner waves,
Twin'd with the roſe the lily pale;
Vermeil lips of luſcious hue,
On which perſuaſion dwells.

Her boſom, too, that ſnowy ſeat of love,
That wiſhful gaze of ſoft deſire;
Charms like theſe, what ſkill could reach,
With them what colours vie?—

What pencil could expreſs thoſe looks, which breathe
Bewitching ſoftneſs through the ſoul;
Or that touching, melting ſound,
The muſic of her voice?

But chief of all, thoſe ſmiles, thoſe fatal ſmiles,
Whoſe pow'r, alas! too well I know;
Full of ſweetneſs, full of love,
But full of poiſon too.

Could I but call theſe matchleſs charms my own;—
Away, thou fooliſh thought, away!—
I was born to ſigh and weep,
To love, and love in vain.

June 1781.

ODE III.

Biſogna, che per l'Aria io poggi,
Nel Cerchio della Luna. ARIOSTO.

QUEEN of the glitt'ring hoſt of night;
Array'd in candid beauty clear,
Whoſe ſilent hours of ſober light,
Are ſtill to Love and Fancy dear;
Dearer than Morning's purple ray,
Or all the glaring charms of Day.

While on thy radiance mild I gaze,
Perhaps thine all-pervading eye

That love-inſpiring form ſurveys,
For which I heave the wiſhful ſigh;
That dazzling form, whoſe rays divine
Thy pale, faint glories, far outſhine;
That form reſplendent, which to ſee
Malignant Fate denies to me.

Oh, could I ſkim the limpid air,
And reach thy cryſtal regions fair,
On ſome peak'd mountain would I ſtand,
Of alabaſter tipt with ſnow,
Whoſe ſummit view'd with eaſe each land,
And ev'ry ſea below:

Then would I caſt my longing eyes
Where ABREDONIA'S ſpires ariſe;
Then would I feaſt my aching ſight,
With ardent gaze on Beauty's light;
That ſweeteſt light, whoſe rays divine
Once cheer'd this woe-beat heart of mine.

But now no more her charms I view;
No more her accents hear;
Theſe cruel thoughts my grief renew,
And wake the ſleeping tear.

Edinburgh, Nov. 1781.

ODE IV.

Che non men che Saver, Dubbiar m'aggrata. DANTE.

HAIL, ſacred Doubt! thou child of Fear,
From all miſtake and danger free:
Parent of Wiſdom!—nor to me
Leſs than thy heav'nly offspring dear.

On youth's uncertain, ſlipp'ry ſhore,
Thee Ignorance, thy mother, bore;
For when, with eager, trembling pace,
She fled from Error's blind embrace,
Call'd by the voice of ſage Diſtruſt,
Fear, approaching, lent his aid,
And from the brutal monſter's luſt,
Reſcued the weak and helpleſs maid.

Nor was the recompence deny'd,
So juſtly to his merit due;
Nor long in vain the lover ſigh'd:
For well the timid virgin knew,
Her ſteps, expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Requir'd a guardian's conſtant care;
And who ſo well as cautious Fear
That nice, important truſt could bear?
Nor could ſhe hope, that he ſhould long
Defend her from the hand of wrong,
Unleſs a ſtricter, dearer tie,
Engag'd the huſband's watchful eye.

Hail, Doubt! in Grecia's ſapient land
Ador'd by Pyrrho's ſceptic band;
Thou ſureſt guardian of the young,
From raſh Preſumption's giddy tongue;
To Learning's modeſt fane thou ſureſt guide;
Thou ſureſt check to ſcientific pride:

Let none preſume thy merits to deſpiſe,
Becauſe thy progreſs tedious ſeems and ſlow;
Dear is thy name to all the truly wiſe,
For they who never doubt, ſhall never know.

July 1782.

MIDNIGHT:

A LYRICAL FRAGMENT.

DARKNESS now, with dreary pow'r,
Mantles Night's meridian hour;
Awful Silence ſleeps around,
Wak'd by no diurnal ſound;
Nature's thouſand mouths are dumb;
Where is now the buſy hum,
Where the briſk and buſtling throng,
That late inceſſant danc'd along?
Thoſe few hours that cloſe the day,
Chas'd the glowing ſcene away.
Int'reſt's ardour now is o'er;
Pleaſure's revels burn no more;

Suſpended now each labour lies,
And ev'ry ſtrife and paſſion dies.
Still Attention's liſt'ning ear
Not a voice of life can hear,
Save at times the ſnoring ſound
Of the youth my couch who ſhares,
By my ſide in ſlumber drown'd,
Free from ſenſe and all its cares:
And, to eaſe th' enchanted mind,
Sleep's myſterious language join'd.
A ſudden voice, which broken ſeems,
Utter'd by the tongue of dreams.

* * * * * *

Broughton, Sept. 1782.

ODE V.

Love can boaſt of joys and pains
Beyond what vulgar Life contains;
Nor can he, whoſe ſober ſoul,
Slave to Cuſtom's baſe controul,
Never ventur'd once to ſtray
From the beaten, broad highway;
He who never dar'd to rove
In ſweet Fancy's fairy grove,
E'er conceive the pangs of joy
Which the Lover's peace deſtroy;
Or the dear, delicious woe,
Which denies a cure to know:—

Say, what would ye not reſign,
Ye, like me that hopeleſs pine,
One bewitching ſmile to buy,
Beam'd from Beauty's angel eye?
What is pow'r, or pomp, or pride;
What is all the world beſide;
When the heart with grief is torn,
Pierc'd with Love, and broke by ſcorn?
All is then of languor full,
Friends diſguſt, and books are dull;
Ev'ry thought, and ev'ry care,
Centres in the favour'd Fair!
All his wiſh, and all his aim,
Is to drink the fatal flame
From the love-inſpiring eyes,
Where the light of Rapture lies!
How can then the Lover's mind
Ever hope a care to find,
When the cruel, dire diſeaſe,
Can his wayward fancy pleaſe;

When the words and deeds of ſcorn
Are without reſentment borne;
And to think his hopes are o'er,
Only makes him love the more.

Sept. 1783.

EGOTISM:

A LYRICAL FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * *

III.

But backward in the roll of Time,
And northward in a colder clime,
Where Abredonia's ſpires, with proud diſdain,
Behold the tumults of the German main,
A Stream aroſe:—by Heav'n deſign'd
Through various ſcenes its courſe to wind;
Through many a wild and dreary heath,
Mute but to the voice of death;
And many a grove, with darkeſt umbrage hung,
Where Sorrow's lonely bird her plaintive anthem ſung.

IV.

At times, in more propitious hours,
When Love or Friendſhip's brilliant flow'rs
Aroſe, the naked glebe to grace;
Stung by the ſharp, ſevere, inclement ſky,
The dear exotics only bloom'd, to die!
Their ſhort-liv'd glory ſoon was o'er;
Some cruel blaſt their beauties tore,
And weeds of baleful hue ſupplied their empty place.

V.

This Stream, for Liberty deſign'd,
In ſlaviſh bonds was long confin'd;
And urg'd, for many a weary mile,
Through deſert ſands its fruitleſs toil:
At laſt, with conſcious vigour ſwell'd,
The Spirit of the Flood rebell'd!
At his command, the free-born wave
Reſum'd the rights which Nature gave;

Broke ev'ry mound of oppoſition ſtrong,
And roll'd its devious courſe through Freedom's fields along.

VI.

No ſplendid bridges, long and wide,
Bent o'er its wave their arching pride;
No painted barge, whoſe ſilken ſails
Lodge in their folds the wanton gales,
Deck'd with its glitt'ring pomp the lonely tide;
Nor, fraught by Commerce, with her golden ſtore,
Did ever buſy bark approach the ſilent ſhore.

VII.

The Muſe alone, the heav'nly Muſe,
At times that deſert haunt would chooſe;
And wander there from dewy morn,
Till Cynthia rais'd her ſilver horn;
Regardleſs of the troubled air,

And of the proſpect bleak and bare,
And of the howling blaſt, the whirlwind of deſpair.

VIII.

There would ſhe ſit, in wint'ry hours,
In Melancholy's leafleſs bow'rs;
And there, with magic art divine,
From penſive Mem'ry's faded flow'rs,
Immortal chaplets twine;
And calm the current with her ſoothing ſong,
And bathe her lovely limbs the cryſtal waves among.

* * * * * * *

January 1790.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

Quanto già cantai di Sdegno,
Ricantar voglio d'Amor. METASTASIO.

WHENCE this unuſual tumult in my breaſt?
Why beats my heart, and flutters in its cage?—
Was not the Tempeſt once compos'd to reſt,
When ſpent and wearied out with fruitleſs rage?

A cure complete though Fate could not ſupply,
My pangs I hop'd would now be leſs ſevere;
Content at times to heave the tender ſigh;
Content at times to drop the ſilent tear.

But vain the hope, and vain the ſhort reſpite;
Again the furious winds the deep deform,
Obſcure the feeble dawn of Reaſon's light,
And add new horrors to the mental ſtorm.

Oh, fatal Night! in which the guardian pow'r,
Of juſt reſentment, ſunk in ſlumber lay;
While tyger Paſſion watch'd th' unhappy hour,
Sprung from his den, and made my ſoul his prey.

Fool that I was, to truſt my feeble heart,
Scarce yet recover'd of its former wound,
Where Danger lurk'd unſeen in ev'ry part,
And ſoft Allurement ſpread her ſnares around.

Careleſs I ſtood, nor thought deſtruction near,
Until I ſaw (oh fatal ſight for me!)
That form, though ſtill to recollection dear,
Which Love, inſulted, wiſh'd no more to ſee.

Then in my breaſt Deſire awak'd again,
And eager gaz'd on Beauty's dazzling light;
Fierce tumults rag'd in ev'ry throbbing vein,
And o'er my eye-lids hung the ſhades of night.

A crowd of ſoft ideas ruſh'd at once,
With force impetuous, on my feeble mind;
And Mem'ry thought of each bewitching glance,
Each mark of favour I was wont to find.

How rich in beauty was that fatal place;
What forms of love were then aſſembled there;
I ſaw full many a ſweet enchanting face;
Yet, midſt the faireſt, She alone was fair!

The dulcet pow'r of melody combin'd,
A love-inſpiring pleaſure to impart;
And to the notes ſymphonious voices join'd,
Pour'd thrilling ſoftneſs on the yielding heart.

Such fierce aſſailants how could I controul?
Againſt ſuch pow'rful foes in vain I ſtrove;
The ſoft infection ſeiz'd my burning ſoul;
I ſunk at once—and ev'ry thought was love!

All they whoſe hearts the pow'r of paſſion know,
How hard to combat, and how vain to fly,
Excuſe's veil will o'er my weakneſs throw,
And view my folly with indulgent eye.

Aberdeen, April 1781.

ELEGY II.

Written at Craibſtone, near Aberdeen, May 1786.

Ach! was ich weis, kann jeder wiſſen—Mein Herz hab ich allein.
GOETHE.

DELIGHTFUL Stream! which, after abſence long,
With fond regard my partial eye ſurveys;
Whoſe cryſtal current, as it flow'd along,
Beheld the frolics of my childiſh days:

Around thy banks, while Recollection's eye
Explores the change which circling years have made,
How oft my boſom heaves the penſive ſigh;
What various thoughts my mournful mind invade!

Here let me pauſe;—and to the ſacred pow'r
  Of Meditation all my ſoul reſign;—
Indulge the feelings of the preſent hour,
  And trace them back to thoſe which once were mine.

In this retreat my infant hours were ſpent,
  Thoſe hours of innocence and tranquil joy,
When no deſires the quiet breaſt torment,
  No paſſions ruffle, and no cares annoy.

Then how ſerene was ev'ry paſſing day!
  What trifles then could pleaſure keen beſtow;
That pleaſure pure, unmix'd with Pain's allay,
  Which Life's maturer years can never know!

Though Reaſon now ſuch humble joys diſdain,
  And ſeems aſtoniſh'd that they once could pleaſe;
Can aught our preſent labour ſtrives to gain,
  Reward our toil with happineſs like theſe?

No ſorrow then the want of gold could move,
To me, by tender Prudence, well denied,
But ne'er regretted, while parental love,
With fond indulgence, ev'ry wiſh ſupplied!—

(That love, whoſe worth was then too little known,
And oft by thoughtleſs youth too light eſteem'd;
Nay more—can all my tears the guilt atone?—
Sometimes, in Folly's hour, ſuperfluous deem'd:—

But now, alas! by vain Repentance priz'd
Beyond whate'er of bliſs the world could yield;
In one maternal boſom late compris'd,
And now, for ever, by the Tomb conceal'd!)

Of Life indeed I then but little knew;
But ſure of Life replete with pain and woe,
Where Vice and Folly riſe ſo oft to view,
To know but little, is enough to know.

Celeſtial Science, with her ſacred light,
Had not as yet my ſimple ſoul refin'd;
But ſure her fairęſt gifts, though e'er ſo bright,
To purchaſe happineſs were well reſign'd!

Would ſome propitious pow'r that bliſs reſtore,
And all the cruel paſt at once deſtroy;
For ſuch a bribe, how glad ſhould I give o'er
Each ſplendid ſcheme which now my thoughts employ.

Elyſian hours, from fear and ſorrow free;
Life's golden age *, when ev'ry form could pleaſe!
Than Fame or Science, dearer far to me
Thy peaceful ignorance, and blameleſs eaſe †.

---

* Ces Biens de l'Age d'or, dont l'image cherie
Piût tant à mon enfance, Age d'Or de la Vie. DELILLE.

† Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδὲν, ἥδιστος βίος.
SOPHOCLES.

Thus, as I mus'd the verdant banks along,
A ſhape majeſtic ſudden roſe to view;
Aged he ſeem'd, but yet his age was ſtrong,
With ſedgy crown adorn'd, and mantle blue.

At once the Genius of the Flood I knew;
An awful grace proclaim'd him more than man!
On me a ſtern, indignant glance he threw,
And inſtant thus his angry ſpeech began:

Why dares thy diſcontent, audacious youth,
With vain complaints diſturb my peaceful ſhore?
Attend in ſilence to the voice of Truth,
Confeſs thine error, and repine no more.

That ſimple fate, for which thy folly ſighs,
To yield content to thee was ne'er deſign'd,
Whoſe thoughts the vulgar joys of life deſpiſe,
And only value thoſe of Bliſs refin'd.

I know to thee the peaſant's homely cheer
As ſweet would taſte as Pomp's luxurious fare;
Thy thirſt I know prefers my cryſtal clear,
To all that BACCHUS boaſts of rich and rare.

To thee more ſoft this couch of vernal flow'rs
Than ſilken ſeats with Tyrian purple ſpread;
And the dark umbrage of my willow'd bow'rs
Than painted halls, and roofs with gold inlaid.

But think that Life compriſes more than theſe;
Reflect what pow'rs within thy boſom reign;
Could ſuch a ſcheme or Love or Friendſhip pleaſe?
And would not Taſte the vulgar bliſs diſdain?

Say, could thy niceneſs now ſubmit to wear
Some ruſtic Beauty's coarſe but eaſy chain;
Without diſguſt her clowniſh accents hear,
And view her aukward mien without diſdain?

Content with her to waſte your humble days,
  Could you at once each higher hope give o'er;
Extol her vulgar charms with partial praiſe,
  And think of Grace and Elegance no more?—

Thoſe ears, which once enjoy'd the dear delight,
  To drink th' effuſions of ALCINDOR's mind *,
Where ſacred Friendſhip pour'd its genuine light,
  And manly Senſe with youthful Fancy join'd;

Could they with patience now endure to hear
  Some peaſant youth, in mean ungraceful ſtyle,
Record ſome tale of ſuperſtitious fear,
  Or jeſt, of ſordid phraſe and meaning vile?—

Could ſuch a bribe induce thy reckleſs hand
  Thoſe keys of mental treaſure to reſign,

* To drink the ſoft effuſion of her ſmiles. AKENSIDE.

Which all the various gates of Taſte command,
And make each region of PARNASSUS thine?

Couldſt thou conſent to be again confin'd
Within the limits of thy native tongue;
Depriv'd of all that beam'd from HOMER's mind,
Of all that PETRARCH ſigh'd *, and VIRGIL ſung?

Robb'd of thy darling CAMOENS' epic page,
Shut out from all VOLTAIRE's enchanting proſe—
From all the nicer ſtrokes of QUIXOTE's rage,
And all the glowing tints of WERTER's woes?

Seek not in vain what Nature has denied,
At once to taſte the clear and quiet ſpring,
And draw your bev'rage from its ampler tide,
To which a thouſand ſtreams their tribute bring †.

* Petrarque ſoupira ſes Vers et ſes Amours. VOLTAIRE.

† Flatter not yourſelf with contrarieties of pleaſure. No man can at the ſame time fill his cup from the ſource and from the mouth of the Nile. JOHNSON's RASSELAS, ch. xxix.

Hope not to feel at once the cool delight
Which meek AURORA's dewy preſence brings,
And the warm pow'r of that effulgence bright,
Which PHOEBUS ſcatters from his glowing wings.

No longer murmur at the will of Heav'n;
To things which Fate permits thy wiſh confine;
When ſuch ſuperior bliſs to youth is giv'n,
For childiſh joys, 'tis folly to repine.

Thus ſpoke the wat'ry Pow'r, in tone ſevere,
And ſudden ſought his native waves again;
The ſpeech was full of truth to Reaſon's ear,
But ſtronger Feeling found, his words were vain.

ELEGY III.

Written at Mounie, in Aberdeenſhire, July 1786.

Ach! daſs die Freundinn meiner Jugend dahin iſt.—
Nie werd ich ihrer vergeſſen, nie ihren feſten Sinn, und ihre gottliche Duldung.—

GOETHE.

WHY droops my Soul in theſe congenial ſhades,
Where I ſo oft with tranſport us'd to rove;
And whence the gloom which now my breaſt invades,
And clouds with horror this romantic grove?

Was it not here, that ſtill by Summer found,
I ſpent in youth ſo many a cheerful day;
In beauty dreſs'd, while Nature ſmil'd around,
And all my little world of friends was gay?—

But now the ſcene is chang'd;—where'er I turn,
Some form of ſadneſs ſeems to meet my ſight;—
The glorious Sun himſelf appears to mourn,
And ſhrouds in duſky veil his radiance bright.

Each pearly flow'ret, to my penſive eye,
Drops on the ground a ſympathetic tear;
And, gay no longer, with a mournful ſigh,
Conſenting Zephyr meets my penſive ear.

The warbling choir, that us'd from yonder bow'r,
So cheerful once to hail the purple Spring,
Seem now to feel the univerſal pow'r,
And nought to me but notes of ſorrow ſing.

Ah, well may Darkneſs now theſe ſcenes invade,
And well through all her forms may Nature mourn;
For She is gone, whoſe preſence grac'd the ſhade,
Gone to that land from whence is no return.

And, lo! methinks from ev'ry op'ning tree
  Her much-lov'd image burſts upon my ſight;
Now from each cloud of mortal frailty free,
  And cloth'd in all the pomp of heav'nly light;

Like thoſe fair ſhapes, which, in the haunted grove,
  Broke from the trees at ISMEN's fell command,
And with alluring accents vainly ſtrove
  To ſtop the purpoſe of RINALDO's hand *.

Stern Winter twice has bound the floods in chains,
  And twice the Spring unlock'd her flow'ry ſtore,
Since, full of health, ſhe left theſe native plains,
  Nor thought ſhe left them to return no more!

Why did not Fate permit her here to ſtay,
  If here to ſtay poſſeſs'd the pow'r to ſave?

* Fermo 'l Guerrier nella gran piazza, affiſa
  A maggior novitate allor le ciglia, &c.
TASSO, GIER. LIB. c. xviii. ſt. 26.

Or why, alas! ſo far from home convey,
To find, on diſtant plains, an early grave?

But Love and Duty call'd!—a ſiſter dear,
From Fever's burning couch, invok'd her aid.
She came—with pious haſte, and anxious fear—
And for her life the precious ranſom paid!

How great my joy, when firſt the welcome news
Of her arrival, reach'd my ſtartled ear!—
How blind, alas! are all our narrow views;
How ill we judge of good and evil here!—

With eager pace, and panting heart, I flew,
To hail her preſence on that fatal ſhore;
Nor cruel Fate's malignant kindneſs knew,
That then we only met—to meet no more!

What dire ſuſpenſe enchain'd each tort'ring hour,
From every thought what ſhapes of terror ſprung,

While yet ſhe ſtruggled with the fev'riſh pow'r,
And Life and Death in equal balance hung ?

But Death prevail'd, and robb'd our laggard age
Of that fair aſpect, and that fairer mind,
Where all combin'd affection to engage,
And manly ſenſe with female ſweetneſs join'd.

Ah, how unlike to thoſe, who down the tide
Of Faſhion's ſtream the barge of Folly chaſe ;
Thoſe daughters vain of Levity and Pride,
Who now too oft the female form diſgrace !

Who all their worthleſs ſmiles on Fops beſtow,
And, ſtill with ſcorn, the Man of Senſe behold ;
Who Friendſhip ne'er, nor genuine Love can know ;
Whoſe heads are empty, and whoſe hearts are cold !

Not ſuch was ſhe !—In that exalted mind
Dwelt ev'ry virtue that deſerves the name ;

There tender Feeling reign'd, and Taſte refin'd,
And Friendſhip kindled there his pureſt flame!—

Alas, that I, who once could proudly boaſt
Of that unequall'd heart ſo large a ſhare,
Should now be left to muſe on all I loſt,
And talk with cruel Grief, and black Deſpair.

Ah me! how oft through theſe romantic bow'rs
Has that fair form my willing footſteps led,
While, wing'd with ſocial mirth, the precious hours
Flew unregarded o'er my happy head.

On me, dear Shade! let that propitious eye,
With wonted love and pity, ſtill look down,
From thoſe reſplendent ſeats beyond the ſky,
Where joys eternal now thy virtues crown!

With guardian pow'r protect thy mortal friend,
Whoſe welfare once ſo much engroſs'd thy care;

From danger ſtill his heedleſs hours defend,
And ſave his virtue from Temptation's ſnare.

From him thy mem'ry ſtill regard ſhall claim,
And pow'rful ſtill to wake the ſleeping tear * ;
The mournful ſound of BELLAMIRA's name,
Shall ſadly ſoothe her BORGIA's penſive ear †.

---

* Τι δάκρυον ἰυδον ἐγείρεις. CALLIMACHUS.

† The perſon here lamented and the Author were accuſtomed to correſpond under theſe ſignatures, in conſequence of accidentally peruſing together Lee's Tragedy of Cæſar Borgia.

ELEGY IV.

TO THE MOON.

Niemals geh ich im Mondenlichte Spazieren, niemals, daſs mir nicht der Gedanke an meine Verſtorbenen begegnete.

GOETHE.

QUEEN of the Stars, and Beauty of the Night *!
To thee from riot and from crowds I fly;
Reſolv'd a while to taſte the calm delight,
Which ſleeping Nature's ſhadowy ſcenes ſupply.

Thy ſilent ſplendor ſpeaks to Fancy's ear
Of all that Mem'ry with affection views,

---

* Queene of the Sea, and Beauty of the Nicht. LINDSAY.
Who is himſelf only an imitator:
And faire Venus, the Beautie of the Nicht. HENRYSON.

Recalls each hour of life that once was dear,
And ev'ry tender, penfive thought renews.

It ſpeaks of thoſe who now, from brighter climes,
Behold with pity him they left below,
Alone to ſtruggle in this Land of Crimes,
This Den of Darkneſs, and this Vale of Woe!

It ſpeaks of Him, whoſe kind paternal heart
Perhaps too far indulg'd his wayward boy;
Nor thought how much his future days might ſmart,
For ſuch ſequeſter'd hours of ſtudious joy.

Skill'd in the various paths of Roman lore,
Himſelf would oft the ſchool-boy's taſk review,
And guide his ſteps, who wiſh'd for nothing more,
Thro' thoſe ſweet ſcenes MENANDER's ſcholar drew*.

* Terence.

With what emotions of paternal joy
His ſon's acquirements would he now ſurvey;
With what delight behold his darling boy
Range through the flow'ry fields of Science gay!

The Sire would view the Son with honeſt pride,
By ſkill ſurpaſſing what himſelf could boaſt;
Steer his light bark through Learning's ample tide,
And touch by turns at ev'ry tuneful coaſt.

Through GALLIA's proſe, and ROME's poetic choir,
On which himſelf with rapture dwelt ſo long;
Through all the lofty notes of GRECIA's lyre,
And all the brilliant charms of TUSCAN ſong.

Nor pauſing there, through SPAIN's romantic land,
And LUSITANIA's realm his courſe purſue;
Maintain ſweet converſe with GERMANIA's band,
And all the toils of HEBREW lore ſubdue.

Nor yet with triumphs ſuch as theſe content,
Like PYRRHUS, always meditating more * ;
Reſolv'd to march through GOTHLAND's bleak extent,
And fragrant ASIA's tuneful climes explore.—

Of Her it alſo ſpeaks, whoſe firmer mind
The failings of her child with ſorrow view'd ;
Who ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain, ſome cure to find,
And ſtill, untir'd, the fruitleſs taſk renew'd.

Alas! ſhe knew not his eccentric ſoul,
Unfit to ſtruggle in Preferment's ſtrife ;
Averſe from toil, impatient of controul,
And hating all the cares of vulgar life.

But form'd alone with rapid eaſe to gain
The various tongues of each poetic clime ;

* Μικρὸν οὖν ἰσχυὸν ὁ Κινέας, Ἰταλίαν δὲ εἶναι, ὦ βασιλεῦ, λαβόντες, τί πεπήσομεν ; καὶ ὁ Πύῤῥος, οὕτω τὴν διάνοιαν ἀυτοῦ καθορῶν, Ἐγγὺς, εἶναι ἡ Σικελία, χεῖρας ἐρίγυι, &c. PLUTARCH in PYRRHO.

To ſcan, with critic glance, each claſſic ſtrain,
Or weave, in happier mood, the careleſs rhyme.

Oh, that ſhe liv'd, to ſee her alter'd child
Free from that yoke which bent him to the ground,
Which all his youthful hours of joy beguil'd,
And kept his pow'rs in ſlaviſh fetters bound!

Pleas'd with the change, her ſon's romantic mind
With more indulgence ſhe would now ſurvey;
Who all the hopes of wealth at once reſign'd,
And found to happineſs a ſhorter way.—

But why ſo ſoon did cruel Fate's command,
Such dear, parental virtues, call away;
And leave their offspring in a ſtranger land,
In midſt of danger and of doubt to ſtray?

He now no more their partial care employs;
For him no more their trembling hearts ſhall feel;

Their ſmiles no more redouble all his joys,
And with the balm of Peace his ſorrows heal.

Their voice no more ſhall reach Affection's ear;
Their forms no more ſhall meet Affection's eye;
No more ſhall they the hours of ſickneſs cheer,
And with unwearied love each want ſupply.

And yet, perhaps, to purer flames refin'd,
That anxious Love may ſtill his ſteps purſue,
With virtuous feelings prompt his youthful mind,
And clear from Error's miſt his mental view.

May no raſh deed their offspring's fame diſgrace,
While here he treads Temptation's thorny way,
To tinge with bluſhes each immortal face,
And turn their ſad reluctant eyes away!

Let Honour ſtill his conſtant breaſt inſpire,
And ev'ry paſſion Reaſon's call obey;

Let Virtue's pow'r ſuppreſs each low deſire,
And rule his actions with ſeraphic ſway!

Till Fate at laſt the kindred ſouls rejoin,
When all the vain purſuits of life are o'er,
In thoſe abodes of endleſs bliſs divine,
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more!

April 1787.

ELEGY V.

Written at Craibſtone, Sept. 1788.

CALL, Mem'ry, back my Childhood's careleſs hours,
And all that then could harmleſs pleaſure bring,
When calm I dwelt in theſe ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
Beneath parental Love's protecting wing.

To frame with childiſh art the mimic dome,
Was all the labour then my moments knew;
Through grove or lawn with devious ſteps to roam,
Or o'er the heath each azure fly purſue.

When ſullen Winter chang'd the darken'd year,
Jocund I ſate beſide the kitchen fire;
While ruſtic jeſts amus'd my liſt'ning ear,
And riddles quaint, and tales of terror dire.

But chief that tale my ſhudd'ring ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Of him the youth for ſelf-deſtruction born,
But by a prieſt, his luckleſs fate that gueſs'd,
In Danger's hour, from SATAN's clutches torn.

Thrice o'er his head the fatal nooſe appear'd,
While calm he ſlept at midnight's awful hour;
And thrice to Heav'n the holy hands were rear'd,
Till paſs'd the ſeaſon of the demon's power.

How have I trembled in my lonely bed,
Scarce daring once an upward look to throw,
Leſt my young eyes ſhould meet th' infernal thread,
Prepar'd to ſink me to the ſhades below.

Ev'n then enamour'd of theatric ſhow,
With geſtures wild, I ap'd the tragic airs,
Rehears'd in aukward tone the mimic woe,
And roar'd and ranted on a ſtage of chairs.

My father's books at times my notice drew;
I gaz'd with wonder on the learned ſtore:
But for myſelf my ſtudies then were few,
CRUSOE was mine, nor did I wiſh for more:

For there I read, with ever new delight,
Of all that youthful fancy could engage;
There each event gave pleaſure or affright,
And ſplendid wonders roſe in ev'ry page.

How did I tremble, when his ſtartled eye
Beheld the footſtep on the lonely ſand!
How did I weep, when FRIDAY aſk'd to die,
Rather than leave him, by his maſter's hand!

And, Goddeſs, call to mind that ruſtic maid,
Who fed her flocks the winding ſtreams along,
With whom ſo oft at ev'ning hours I ſtray'd,
And fondly liſten'd to her artleſs ſong:

And call that peaſant youth, who then to me
The place of comrade and of friend ſupplied,
Ere yet my eyes could nice diſtinctions ſee,
And all was pleaſure unallay'd by pride.

Oft let thy pow'r theſe early ſcenes recall,
Of calm content and unambitious eaſe,
When novelty beſtow'd a charm on all,
And taught each trifle and each toy to pleaſe;

When all thoſe blaſts that ruffle older ſtreams,
Ne'er broke the current of my peaceful day,
And in the mantle wrapt of golden dreams,
I ſweetly paſs'd the tranquil night away.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

ELEGY VI.

FOR DECEMBER 31. 1788.

Τι δ' ἡμεῖς;—— PYTHAGORAS.

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile Tempus. HORACE.

AH me, it flies, the ſhort-liv'd Seaſon flies,
Ordain'd by Heav'n for action here below;
Which, when the Soul regains her native ſkies,
What ſhe has been, to future times may ſhow.

Alas, how idly have I ſpent my hours!
What have I done that I reſolv'd to do!
For what, as yet, have ſerv'd my mental pow'rs!
My ſchemes how many—my attempts how few!

And ſee—another year has paſt away,
And ſcarcely left one laſting trace behind;—
Soon ſhall my minutes reach th' appointed day,
When all my ſchemes muſt be with life reſign'd.

Haſte, then, thou loit'ring fool—and ſleep no more,—
Make uſe of time, while time is in thy pow'r;
And, in effuſions of thy mental ſtore,
Employ each moment of the paſſing hour.

Haſte and purſue, with perſevering fire,
That choſen tale which ev'ry heart muſt move;
And paint, in tragic hues, the ſtruggles dire
Of FILIAL VIRTUE and fraternal Love.

Or ſhall the Muſe, with bolder ſpirit fir'd,
Sound for that prince the trump of epic Fame,
Whoſe lion heart, with holy zeal inſpir'd,
To Aſia's plains, to meet the Paynim came *?

* The Cruſade, an Epic Poem; of which Richard Cœur de Lion was to have been the hero.

Or let the darling ſcheme thy thoughts engage,
Through all the flow'ry fields of Taſte to ſtray *,
To trace his radiant courſe through ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime his ſplendid works ſurvey;

To give each deathleſs Bard his honour due;
Their various fates, in varying ſtrains to tell;
And point thoſe virtues and thoſe faults to view,
By which they triumph'd, or by which they fell.

But, ſhould the mind thoſe tuneful chains decline,
Which on the Bard poetic laws impoſe;
Be thine to pour upon the critic line
The humbler elegance of graceful proſe;

To trace the careleſs ſteps of DRYDEN's Muſe †,
Through all the mazes of her wide career;

* The Paradiſe of Taſte, on its original plan, including alſo the Pictures of Poetry.

† Critique on Dryden.

Commend with joy—with tenderneſs excuſe—
Blame with regret—and cenſure with a tear.

To guard from cavil GRAY's ecſtatic ſong;
Each finiſh'd piece its proper rank aſſign;
And prove, though mark'd with imitation ſtrong,
That native genius glows in ev'ry line *.

Or, while the Muſe, diſdaining vulgar toils,
By Fancy led, through ſcenes of wildneſs roves—
Through rocks and deſerts—through enchanted iſles—
Infernal horrors—and Elyſian groves—

While more than mortal muſic charms the ear,
And ſhapes fantaſtic ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd eye,
To mark what various forms theſe beauties wear,
And what romantic ſprings their charms ſupply †.

* Critique on Gray.—A plan which the Author has now nearly executed.

† Critical Eſſay on the Romantic in Poetry;—in which, though the Author has made little progreſs, he has not yet given up the idea.

But ſtill the fav'rite taſk remains unſung;
To trace the progreſs of my native Muſe,
From the firſt accents of her infant tongue,
To thoſe which now her dying voice renews *;

O'er the clear ſurface of her mirror bright,
To mark the manners as they ſhift along;
And place, in all the blaze of critic light,
The ſimple graces of her Doric ſong.—

But why ſhould Fancy thus ſo vainly ſtrive,
In queſt of new purſuits, her pow'rs to ſend;
Why fondly thus ſo many ſchemes contrive,
Which not the longeſt life could hope to end?

Oh, rather let her now the faireſt chuſe;
To that alone her roving thoughts confine;

* Hiſtory of Scotch Poetry—from the writer of the Acts of King Robert the Bruce, to the author of the Poem on Halloween.

Each new purſuit, though ne'er ſo bright, refuſe;
And foreign ſtudies all at once reſign.—

But vain the hope!—for this capricious mind,
Which hates reſtriction, and diſdains controul,
Within one channel could be ne'er confin'd,
But in meand'ring ſtreams delights to roll.

But who will teach me now ſome charm to find,
By which to gain that perſevering pow'r,
To conſtant toil who chains the willing mind,
And fills with induſtry each uſeful hour?

Then might I hope, in conſcious vigour ſtrong,
Ere yet another circling year was o'er,
To weave ſome fragrant wreath of tuneful ſong,
Or ſome reſplendent work of critic lore.

But much I fear, the ſame perplexing ſtrife
Of rival plans will vex each fruitleſs day;
Till, like ſome idle dream, the whole of life,
In wild, romantic ſchemes, be paſt away.

SONNETS.

E cominciò ragg'andomi d'un riſo,
Tal, che nel fuoco faria l'uom felice.
DANTE.

" WHAT woodland Nymph was ever half ſo fair!
" Or which of all the Maids of Nereus' race
" Could ever comb her waves of verdant hair,
" With ſo much elegant, bewitching grace?"

With ſuch fond words I warm'd the ev'ning air,
As late I paſs'd Enchantment's darling place,
And STEFANILLA view'd, arranging there
Her auburn wealth around her lovely face!

Such were the words that gain'd ſo ſweet a ſmile,
As might have baniſh'd ev'ry mortal care;
Have cheer'd the manſions of eternal toil,
And charm'd the horrors of the laſt deſpair.
Did ever words, which nought of flatt'ry bore,
So rich a recompence receive before?

Aberdeen, Auguſt 1780.

SONNET II.

I saw thoſe arms a thankleſs Child embrace,
Whoſe iv'ry round is Paradiſe below;
And whilſt angelic ſmiles illum'd her face,
She cloſely preſs'd him to her breaſt of ſnow.

How much I envy thee that bliſsful place,
Thrice happy Child, didſt thou thy bliſs but know!
How fair the form which gives that ſweet embrace!
What ruby lips that precious kiſs beſtow!

The Stoic heart might mock deſire ſo low,
And ſcorn my weak and unambitious mind;
But ſure to me the nobleſt fate below,
To gain that infant's place, were well reſign'd;
Like him, but happier far, to lie reclin'd
On that luxurious couch of living ſnow!

Sept. 1780.

Ch'i'non ſon forte ad aſpettar la luce
Di queſta Donna. PETRARCH.

ON thou, in whom my thoughts find all delight,
Whence is the pow'r of which I now complain;
That pow'r, ſubdu'd by which, my feeble ſight
The ſplendor of thy glance can ne'er ſuſtain!

Although, when abſence wraps my ſoul in night,
I ſigh, and murmur, and lament in vain;
Yet ſtill, when fate reſtores thy beauty's light,
I wiſh to hide me in the dark again.

I know, when SOL has gain'd the middle ſky,
And darts on all below his flaming rays,
He will not then permit one mortal eye,
With ſaucy freedom, on his face to gaze:
But to thy glance if equal pow'r be giv'n,
Why ſhould the uſeleſs Sun ſtill hold his place in heav'n?

Sept. 1780.

SONNET IV.

How ſhort the date to mortal bliſs aſſign'd!
How quickly rapture yields it place to woe!
Its worth, my Friend, we ſcarce have time to know
Ere it is gone, nor leaves a trace behind.

When tepid gales the chains of froſt unbind,
Not with more haſte diſſolves the winter ſnow;
Nor ſhadows ſwifter croſs the plain below,
When Ether's billows fly before the wind.

Short is the date to guilty joys aſſign'd;
But why ſhould ours no longer ſpace endure?
Since ours were chaſte as Virtue's pleaſures pure,
And, though they fled, they left no ſting behind.
This thought alone our deep deſpair can cure,
And comfort give to our afflicted mind.

October 1780.

Difficile eſt longum ſubito deponere Amorem.

CATULLUS.

OH for one drop of that Lethean ſtream,
Whoſe taſte oblivious calms the troubled mind,
That ſo the preſent hour my all might ſeem,
And fond regret might never look behind!

Oh, that I could forget that fairy dream,
Where Hope ſo late could ev'ry comfort find;
Where all was gilt with Pleaſure's richeſt gleam,
And Love's fair wreath with ev'ry thought entwin'd!

Hard is the taſk, at once to change the ſoul,
And turn the ſight from all that pleas'd before;
To burſt at once from Paſſion's fond controul,
And bid its influence charm the breaſt no more.
And yet I muſt perform this taſk of pain,
Before my wounded heart can peace regain.

SONNET VI.

WHY ſhould our little life be vainly ſpent,
In all the vile purſuits of ſordid gain;
Since Indian treaſures cannot yield content,
Nor regal pow'r the flight of Time reſtrain?

For ends of higher aim were mortals ſent,
To pace a while this weary world of pain;
And ſouls like theirs, on nobler objects bent,
Should all ſuch vulgar, mean purſuits diſdain.

Their taſk ſhould be, to brave Temptation's pow'r,
And all his fierce aſſaults to render vain;
To ſtand, unmov'd, Affliction's evil hour,
And ſtill with patient heart his rage ſuſtain:
To trace each path where praiſe or virtue lies,
And fit their ſouls at laſt for commerce with the ſkies!

March 1781.

THE Trial's o'er:—but what propitious Pow'r
To this weak heart ſuch courage could ſupply,
And teach my tongue, in this tremendous hour,
To ſuch unlook'd-for queſtions to reply?

Thoſe baſhful eyes, which, on the lib'ral ſtreet,
Scarce ever yet could ſtand a ſtranger's ſtare,
Who nerv'd them now, the ſearching gaze to meet
Of STEFANILLA's vice-parental pair?

No falſe confuſion daſh'd my wonted hue,
While I confeſs'd how much their ward was dear;
Though to their ſober ſight full well I knew
How wild my youthful paſſion muſt appear.
Such is the ſtrength from pow'rful Love that flows,
And ſuch the dauntleſs front that Innocence beſtows!

June 24. 1781.

SONNET VIII.

ALAS! and muſt I here no longer dwell,
When ſome few tranſient fleeting days are o'er?
Muſt I to ABREDONIA bid farewell,
And quit theſe regions, to return no more?

Theſe eyes, perhaps, muſt ne'er behold again
Of STEFANILLA dear the form divine!
What Lover's boſom could the thought ſuſtain?
How then a heart that burns and bleeds like mine?

Yet one faint ray of hope my ſpirit cheers
When ſome long nights and weary days are o'er,
A time may come to end my exil'd years,
And ABREDONIA to theſe eyes reſtore.
This hope alone to me can comfort give,
And make this ſick'ning heart endure to live.

June 1781.

Naõ ſei, (ah doces aguas!) naõ ſei quando
Vos tornarei a ver. CAMOENS.

FAREWELL, thou Father of the cryſtal Dee!
Whoſe waves, ſmooth-gliding, waſh my native walls:
Thy ſtream, reviſited ſo oft by me,
A thouſand pleaſing images recalls.

No more ſhalt thou behold my footſteps ſtray,
In penſive mood, thy verdant banks along;
No more with thee I waſte the careleſs day,
And pour melodious forth the flood of ſong.

And yet where'er, by fate compell'd, I go,
Whatever climes may interpoſe between,
Still in my ſong thy ſtream ſhall ſweetly flow,
Thy banks ſhall flouriſh with eternal green.
Or may the Muſe inſpire my breaſt no more,
Whene'er theſe faithleſs lips the darling theme give o'er.

June 1781.

SONNET X.

Ditoſo ſeja quem eſtando auſente,
Naõ ſente mais que a pena das lembranças.
CAMOENS.

To theſe accuſtom'd walls I bid farewell,
Where late I thought my deareſt treaſure lay,
Where late I thought that Love would deign to dwell,
And gild my future life with comfort's ray.

Had it been ſo, with what a mighty ſwell
Would Paſſion's tide have whelm'd this parting day!
And yet this heart, to taſte of Pleaſure's well,
Would ne'er have grudg'd the painful price to pay.

Full well I know, that Sorrow's darkeſt hues
Muſt tinge that cruel hour when lovers part;
Yet would I more ſuch tranſient darkneſs chuſe,
Than the long twilight of the vacant heart;
Whoſe luckleſs ſearch no where can comfort find,
Which ſees no hope before, and dares not look behind.

Ed è ſi ſpento ogni benigno Lume
Del Ciel, per cui s'informa umana vita.
PETRARCA.

WHERE now, alas! are thoſe heroic lights,
Who ſtill, for others' eaſe, forgot their own;
Whoſe manly virtue ſoar'd exalted heights,
To theſe weak, modern, laggard times unknown?

Where now thoſe pow'rful ſparks of ſacred flame
Which rous'd theſe giant ſouls to deeds divine,
Which warm'd their breaſts with many a gen'rous aim,
And urg'd them on to many a great deſign?

By mean purſuits, to narrow views confin'd,
By ſlaviſh forms in ev'ry motion croſt;
Now curb'd is all the freedom of the mind,
And all the vigour of the ſpirit loſt.
Why liv'd not I, when Nature rul'd the ball?
Or, if not ſo, why did I live at all?

Edinburgh, Jan. 1782.

SONNET XII.

DESIRES and wants, which Nature never knew,
In this vile age, have all our thoughts engroſt;
While worthier objects ſeldom riſe to view,
And, when they do, we count thoſe moments loſt.

But ſtrong the bias was which Nature gave,
Ev'n from its birth, to this eccentric ſoul,
Which Cuſtom's tyrant laws could ne'er enſlave,
Nor falſe, fantaſtic Faſhion's wild controul.

Yet, by Life's op'ning ſcene though much diſmay'd,
With quick diſguſt my youthful heart recoils,
Afraid to venture through the tangling ſhade,
Which hides Profeſſion's particolour'd wiles;
I muſt ſubmit to trace the thorny maze,
And give to care and toil my beſt and ſweeteſt days.

January 1782.

Diſpregiator di quanto 'l Mondo brama. PETRARCH.

How bleſt is he, who, for the love of gain,
(A love, I fear, that never will be mine),
With cheerful heart can ev'ry toil ſuſtain,
And Freedom's ſelf without a ſigh reſign!

For me, how oft muſt I lament in vain,
The wayward taſte of theſe romantic eyes,
Which many an object view with fix'd diſdain,
That all the world beſides agree to prize!

Content through Life's ſequeſter'd vale to glide,
By Wealth unloaded, and to Fame unknown,
If Friendſhip's foliage deck'd my ſmiling ſide,
And Love's fair flow'rets on my banks had blown;
And were the Muſe her voice at times to join,
All that this heart deſires would then be mine.

January 1782.

SONNET XIV.

TIME AND PLACE.

Mais les Tems ſont changès, auſſi bien que les Lieux. RACIN

How dear that Time, on which the weeping thought
Of penſive Memory delights to dwell;
When each new day ſome glorious triumph brought
Beyond the pow'r of eloquence to tell!

How dear that Place, the Paradiſe of Thought,
Where ſacred Love and Friendſhip us'd to dwell;
Where echoes faint in ev'ry gale are brought,
That ſtill to Fancy's ear of pleaſure tell!

On eagle wing the hours of rapture flew,
And from this boſom ev'ry comfort bore;
Reluctant Sorrow bade thoſe ſcenes adieu,
Which ſtill to me a pleaſing aſpect wore.
The ſcenes of Bliſs again theſe eyes may view,
But Pleaſure's ſeaſon will return no more!

January 1783.

THE much-afflicted hours of Life to cheer,
And gild the darkneſs of our weary way,
Kindled by Heav'n, three ſacred Lamps appear,
And give the promiſe of a fairer day.

That ardent flame which burns on Beauty's ſhrine,
Celeſtial Friendſhip's pure and holy fire,
And that reſplendent Star, whoſe rays divine,
With thoughts refin'd, the ſoul of Taſte inſpire:

Without the friendly light which theſe impart,
How mean, how worthleſs, were the world below!
Devoid of all that charms the noble heart,
And cheers our ſhort-liv'd intervals of woe.
Let theſe propitious ſtill around me ſhine,
And gild my humble roof with light divine!

May 1783.

SONNET XVI.

De dia, em penſamentos que voavaõ;
De noite, em doces ſonhos que mentiaõ. CAMOENS.

THOU faireſt work of Nature's partial hand,
A heart, two tedious years in abſence tried,
Once more preſumes thy favour to demand,
That gift for which he now ſo long has ſigh'd.

Though far from thee, and far from ev'ry joy,
Condemn'd to dwell, by Fate's ſevere decree,
Nor time nor abſence could the flame deſtroy,
For ſtill his waking thoughts were full of thee.

Nor leſs when Slumber ſeal'd his wearied eyes,
And mimic Fancy rul'd the fairy ſcene,
In ev'ry dream he ſaw thy form ariſe,
Nor knew the cruel ſpace that lay between.
Deign then, ſweet Maid, to cheer his drooping mind,
For heav'n-born Beauty ſhould, like Heav'n, be kind!

Aberdeen, Aug. 1783.

THREE times the ſun has trod his annual round,
And led along the lengthen'd Summer's eve,
Since firſt thy beauty gave the direful wound,
Which thy compaſſion can alone relieve.

In vain did Reaſon's voice, with friendly ſound,
Exhort me ſtill that endleſs path to leave *,
Where artful Danger ſpreads her ſnares around,
And Hope, the flatt'rer, ſmiles but to deceive.

But if to thee a warm and conſtant heart,
For all the tender ties of Love deſign'd,
Sincere and ſimple, void of ev'ry art,
By virtue guided, and by taſte refin'd;
If this from thee can aught of favour gain,
Forbid thy faithful ſlave to ſigh in vain.

Auguſt 1783.

* Rahiſt rah eſhke, ke hijeſh kunare niſt. HAFEZ.
Via eſt via Amoris, cui nullus terminus eſt.

SONNET XVIII.

In vain, great CAMPBELL *, did thy ſkill to-day
Expound to me ISAIAH's page ſublime,
O'er each dark paſſage pour the critic ray,
And range through ſacred lore's extenſive clime.

Thoſe pow'rs of thine, O ABREDONIA's pride!
By me ſo much at other times admir'd,
Were loſt on him who ſate by Beauty's ſide,
And fondly gaz'd on all his ſoul deſir'd.

The Taſte that ſhould have mark'd thy lucid ſtyle,
On STEFANILLA's face was all employ'd;
And Reaſon, form'd to prize thy reaſon's toil,
By Paſſion's fiery ſtorm was all deſtroy'd.
But if for ſuch a fault excuſe can lie,
Then ſure a love like mine may that excuſe ſupply.

Auguſt 24. 1783.

* Dr. George Campbell, Author of the Philoſophy of Rhetoric, the Eſſay on Miracles, and the Tranſlation of the Goſpels.

How faſt, my Friend, thoſe lovely pictures fade,
Which once we fondly thought could ne'er decay!
Where now the lively hues they once diſplay'd,
When Paſſion's pencil mark'd their colours gay?

Now has the ſelf-devouring Snake of Time
Completed thrice his annual banquet dire,
Since that ecſtatic month of bliſs ſublime,
Which fill'd our future hours with vain deſire:

That Month, which now appears a gaudy dream,
Compar'd with which (I ſhudder while I ſay)
Our whole ſucceeding life would only ſeem
One ſolitary, cheerleſs Winter's day.
Let then the Muſe record theſe ſcenes of joy,
Before the hand of Time their fading forms deſtroy!

September 1783.

SONNET XX.

ON REPERUSING A JUVENILE POEM.

WHEN I review theſe rude, unfiniſh'd lays,
To celebrate the deeds of GUY deſign'd,
And deem'd to merit once no vulgar praiſe,
But now diſdain'd by judgment more refin'd;

Though Taſte in ev'ry line ſome fault ſurveys,
In ev'ry line I ſtill can pleaſure find,
Since ev'ry line recalls thoſe bliſsful days,
When Love was new, and STEFANILLA kind.

Of all my life, the beſt and brighteſt hour
Beheld the birth of theſe imperfect ſtrains;
And ſtill each precious word to me retains
The balmy ſcent of Pleaſure's myrtle bow'r:
This cauſe alone the hand of Taſte reſtrains,
And ſaves theſe rugged rhymes from Vulcan's pow'r.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1783.

In einem ſchönem Leib wohnt eine ſchönre Seele. HALLER.

THOUGH Envy's gaze MARIA's form defies,
And native grace her ev'ry motion guides;
Though more than magic iſſues from her eyes,
And more than beauty on her cheek reſides;

Yet, by experience taught, full well I know,
That charms like theſe too oft a ſoul diſguiſe,
Whoſe cruel pride enjoys a Lover's woe,
Laughs at his tears, and mocks his tender ſighs.

Nor could (though great) their once reſiſtleſs pow'r
Have fill'd my guarded breaſt with Love's alarms,
If Nature had not here, with Beauty's dow'r,
Conjoin'd the boaſt of far ſuperior charms,
And made that Form, where ev'ry grace we find,
But the fair manſion of a fairer Mind.

July 1786.

WHERE now is She, at whoſe propitious ſhrine
My ſoul its homage was ſo proud to pay,
At whoſe dear feet this grateful heart of mine
Both Love and Reaſon's vows at once could lay?

How long, alas! muſt I in abſence pine,
And waſte in wiſhes vain the cheerleſs day!
How long muſt I regret that light divine,
Which touch'd my hours with rapture's golden ray!

Return, dear Maid! theſe penſive eyes to greet;
In all thy meekeſt charms once more appear;
In gentle tone thoſe accents kind repeat,
Which late ſo ſweetly ſooth'd my trembling ear;
Thoſe precious words that cheer'd my drooping ſoul,
And o'er its ev'ry power confirm'd thy juſt controul.

SONNET XXIII.

Imitated from Werter, Part II. Letter XIII.

Das iſt doch eben das gefühl der herrlichen Altväter, &c.

EACH Schoolboy now (ſo wiſe our age is grown)
Can ſagely tell you that the World is round,
And tells it in ſuch pert, conceited tone,
As if himſelf had gueſs'd the truth profound.

But by our honeſt Sires this was not known;
They ſpoke in words which more like Nature ſound,
Of Earth's green end, to mortal eyes unknown,
And Ocean's lake, whoſe limits ne'er were found.

Such dreams are dearer far than truth to me,
More pleaſing far to this enamour'd mind;
For in that endleſs waſte of lonely ſea,
Some verdant iſle might Fancy hope to find,
Where I with LOTTA * might ſecurely roam,
And fear no ALBERT's voice to call her home.

April 1787.

* Lotta is the German contraction for Charlotte, the well known name of the miſtreſs of Werter.

SONNET XXIV.

Slow ſeems their ſpeed, whoſe thoughts before them run.
DAVENANT.

THOUGH ſpeed, which ſeem'd in our forefathers' ſight,
Beyond the reach of motion's utmoſt pow'rs,
Now from EDINA wheels my rapid flight,
Through ANGLIA's plains, to GRANTHAM's diſtant tow'rs;

Though ſkilful haſte impetuous ſtill proceeds,
And ſcarcely brooks one moment's ſhort delay,
Still ſhakes the ſcourge to laſh the changing ſteeds,
And drives them foaming through the length of way;

Yet to that heart, by fate condemn'd to pine,
In abſence dark, for ſev'n revolving years,
Which flies at laſt its ſiſter ſoul to join,
Each moment's ſpace a tedious age appears:
For how can Motion's utmoſt pow'rs combin'd,
O'ertake the haſte of Friendſhip's ardent mind?

Auguſt 22. 1787.

Written in England, Sept. 1787.

YES, I confeſs (for Prejudice alone
Could ſuch a clear and ſtriking truth deny,)
That Nature here has endleſs beauties ſhown,
Beyond what CALEDONIA'S ſhores ſupply.

And yet, when left to Feeling's pow'r alone,
(My wayward taſte I ſeek not to deny,)
Not all the charms which Nature here has ſhown,
Can thoſe which grace my native ſoil ſupply.

Though Ceres here o'er all the ſmiling ground,
In richer folds her yellow mantle throws;
Though darker ſhades each ample field ſurround,
And ev'ry plain with livelier verdure glows;
Yet far more dear is SCOTIA'S barren clime,
Her wild, romantic heaths, and rugged rocks ſublime.

SONNET XXVI.

On the Death of a Gentleman in Aberdeen.

In that dear Dome, whoſe hoſpitable gate
To ev'ry honeſt friend ſtood open wide,
Now ſad, a widow'd Turtle mourns her Mate,
By fate untimely ſever'd from her ſide.

Alas! that Death ſhould e'er a pair divide,
Whoſe hearts, when join'd, ſo well could life employ,
Whoſe ſocial feelings were their higheſt pride,
Whoſe deeds of friendſhip were their chiefeſt joy!

Soon may the Houſe's hope, her elder Boy,
Mature in youth, his Father's room ſupply;
Soon may his praiſe her anguiſh keen deſtroy,
And fill with Rapture's dew her aching eye!
Entire in him may Heav'n his Sire reſtore,
And thoſe that love him beſt can aſk no more!

Edinburgh, July 1788.

Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ. MILTON.

LET Mem'ry now recall the diſmal hour,
When far from home, on FETERESSO's plain,
Beneath a Pedagogue's tyrannic pow'r,
My parents left me, and complaint was vain.

But ſeek not, Goddeſs, to recall to mind
The dreary months I ſpent reluctant there,
My rude companions, boiſt'rous and unkind,
The ſordid miſtreſs, and the ſordid fare.

Enough that there the firſt attractive ſound
Of Roman lore approach'd my careleſs ear;
That there I dimly view'd that claſſic ground,
My deſtin'd theatre of action here.
On yonder plains, while ſuch memorials lie,
I ne'er without regard can paſs them by.

Auguſt 1788

SONNET XXVIII.

With heavy heart, and ſorrow-ſtreaming eye,
My feet firſt enter'd this uncouth abode;
Where all within for ever went awry,
And all was comfortleſs and bleak abroad.

But ſickneſs ſeiz'd at laſt my fev'riſh frame,
And threat'ning Death his banner wav'd around,
With trembling haſte each anxious parent came,
And ſhrunk with horror from the ſcene they found.

Shock'd at the life which I ſo long had led,
Inſtant they ſnatch'd me from the ſordid dome,
And, ſoon as health had rais'd my drooping head,
With keen parental joy convey'd me home.
Much do I love theſe recollections dear,
And more their conſtant child, the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Feterefſo, Auguſt 1788.

SONNET XXIX.

Φανεντα σωτηρια. PINDAR.

In this ſmall Room, which now ſeems hardly meet
To hold with eaſe a brace of bulky pairs,
Have I beheld a num'rous concourſe meet,
To ſee its maſter ape theatric airs.

Here firſt MONIMIA view'd fraternal ſtrife,
And MANLY read the part he could not ſay;
Here furious RICHARD broke the carving-knife,
And poor PALMYRA's head-dreſs dropt away:

Here GUILDFORD's beauteous bride, the LADY GRAY,
Came forth upon the ſtage her head to loſe,
But firſt in female garb diſguis'd that day,
Thought leſs of death than of her high-heel'd ſhoes:
SCIOLTO here was to LOTHARIO turn'd,
And o'er his own black bier the GEN'ROUS FATHER mourn'd!

Aberdeen, Aug. 1788.

SONNET XXX.

YES, it was here that I perus'd the whole
(So void of taſte was then my ſtudious rage,)
Of that ungraceful, dull hiſtoric roll,
Which each event records of ev'ry age *.

But more th' Arabian Tales engroſs'd my ſoul,
Whoſe ſplendid charms each youthful mind engage,
Where wildeſt fancy ſports without controul,
And crowds with marvels each romantic page.

But moſt of all, that Lamp, of wond'rous pow'r,
Which, gain'd by chance, the Taylor's Child poſſeſt †,
Amus'd me oft in meditation's hour,
And fill'd with wild deſires my throbbing breaſt,
While pleas'd I ſate in Fancy's fairy bow'r,
By Princes honour'd, and by Queens careſt!

Nellfield, Aug. 1788.

---

* Ancient and Modern Univerſal Hiſtory, 64 volumes in all.
† Aladdin.

THOUGH now in Life's ſequeſter'd vale I ſtand,
Deaf to the call of Emulation's fife,
Yet once I meant to join the buſy band,
And toil and ſtruggle in Preferment's ſtrife.

What various projects then my fancy plann'd!
'Twas now the Lawyer's, now the Farmer's life;
And now I long'd to viſit CHINA's land,
And there eſpouſe a ſlender-footed wife.

But more than all one ſcheme my thoughts engroſt,
Caught from the tale by GALLIA's Statiſt told *;

* Monteſquieu, Liv. XXII. Ch. I.—Ainſi les Caravanes des Maures, qui vont a Tombouctou, dans le fond de l'Afrique, troquer de ſel contre de l'or, n'ont pas beſoin de monnoie. Le Maure met ſon ſel dans un monceau, le Negre ſa poudre dans un autre; s'il n'y a pas aſſez d'or, le Maure retranche de ſon ſel, ou le Negre ajoute de ſon or, juſqu' a ce que les Parties conviennent.

Fearleſs to ſail for AFRIC's ſavage coaſt,
And barter bags of ſalt for bags of gold;—
For wealth was then by childiſh fancy deem'd
A more eſſential good than has been ſince eſteem'd.

August 1788.

On leaving a ſmall Iſland in the River Dee.

FAREWELL, whoe'er thou art, ſweet ruſtic Pow'r,
Who, far from ev'ry ſound of ſtrife and toil,
Securely dwell'ſt in yonder ſecret bow'r,
Whoſe umbrage crowns this lone romantic iſle.

Eight years of checquer'd hue have paſt between,
Since careleſs laſt I trod thy quiet ſhore,
And ſome, whoſe forms were then with fondneſs ſeen,
Have loſt that pow'r, and charm my eyes no more.

Though much is chang'd, and much has paſt away,
This ſimple heart unalter'd ſtill remains,
Where Love at times aſſerts his ancient ſway,
And Friendſhip ſtill with pow'r romantic reigns;
Which Nature's charms with equal rapture views,
And courts with equal zeal the gentle Muſe.

Auguſt 1788.

SONNET XXXIII.

HERE once abode that amiable pair,
Then newly join'd in hymeneal band,
Whoſe frequent offices of tender care,
From me Affection's warmeſt words demand.

This friendly manſion oft a home ſupplied,
Where weeks and months on ſilken pinions flew;
'Twas here I firſt the art of Numbers tried,
While my kind Hoſteſs was my teacher too.

Here firſt I read ROLLIN's hiſtoric page,
And ſtrove to mimic ev'ry ſplendid ſcene;
On ev'ry pool made walnut-fleets engage,
And pagan temples rear'd on ev'ry green.
Such is the force (in childhood's waxen hour),
In ev'ry human heart, of imitation's pow'r.

Kingſwells, Sept. 1788.

'Twas here my Sire my tutor once became,
And ran with me Eutropius' volume through,
Where all the ſplendid deeds of Roman fame,
In quick ſucceſſion, paſs before the view:

'Twas here that Learning firſt began to claim
Her full dominion o'er my willing heart,
And taught my hand the dwarfiſh tomes to frame,
And ape with ſkill the typographic art:

Such was that work, whoſe erring title bore
The names of Sallust and of Sueton join'd;
In which, regardleſs of grammatic lore,
No Verb was varied, and no Noun declin'd.
Errors like theſe we now with wonder hear;
But, ah, that Mem'ry's page from all but ſuch were clear!

Craibſtone, Sept. 1788.

Suſpiciens altam Lunam, ſic voce precatur. VIRGIL.

FAIR, ſilver Queen! whoſe all-pervading eye
Beholds at once whate'er the world contains!
Wilt thou in pity liſten from on high,
To him whoſe lonely heart to thee complains?

Thou ſeeſt his ſoul in anxious torture lie,
Bound by ſuſpenſe, in more than iron chains;
Thou know'ſt the cauſe that prompts his frequent ſigh,
And fills with terror's froſt his ſhiv'ring veins.

Oh, tell him then, and end this cruel fear,
Why the dear Youth to whom his heart is join'd,
With Friendſhip's voice delays to ſoothe his ear;
Oh tell him this, and eaſe his frantic mind:
From trembling thoughts relieve his cheerleſs day,
And ſave his reſtleſs night from dreams of wild diſmay.

Edinburgh, Feb. 1789.

At Gloming's dowie hour, hir leefu' lane,
Sat faire zung Isbell in hir father's ha',
And thocht on him that owre the ſeas was gane,
And wi' him tuik hir maiden hairt awa.

Scho heard, and up ſcho gatte, a murnfu' grane,
And ſumthing ſtude atween hir and the wa'—
"My father needna ſure ſic pains hae ta'en
"To gar wi' fricht his feckles dochter fa'."—

"Its nae zour father, Love—but him that 'mang
"The roaring billows left theſtreen his lyfe;
"Its Willie's voyce, that woo'd zou heir ſae lang,
"And claims zou now for his eternall wyfe."
Sae ſpake the ghaiſt, and melted into air;
And doun the damſell ſanke—to riſe nae mair *.

April 1789.

* Although the vernacular dialect of Scotland has conſtituted, for many years paſt, a regular branch of ſtudy to the Author, the preſent Sonnet is his only attempt to employ it in poetical compoſition.

[See a Gloſſary of this Sonnet at the end of the Volume.]

SONNET XXXVII.

Tranſlated from Werter, Part I. Letter XXIII.

Eure Idee will noch nicht die meinige werden, &c.

No, no, my Friend, this ſplendid ſcheme of thine,
Though kindly meant, will never ſuit with me;
For well thou know'ſt, this haughty heart of mine
Could with Subordination ne'er agree.

I ſmile to hear my mother's fond deſire,
Engag'd in active life her ſon to ſee,
As if a ſoul like mine, a ſoul of fire,
One ſingle moment could inactive be.

For wealth, or fame, or trifles ſuch as theſe,
Perhaps to toil, a duty ſeems to thee;
But he that vainly thus foregoes his eaſe,
Unleſs his own deſires his prompters be,
And ſtrives, at ſuch a price, the world to pleaſe,
Of mortal Fools the greateſt ſeems to me.

Alloa, April 1789.

Imitated from Werter, Part II. Letter XXV.

Ach dieſe Lükke—dieſe entſetzliche Lükke, &c.

WHAT means, ye gracious Pow'rs, this aching void,
Which prompts within my breaſt the frequent ſigh,
For which no med'cine can a cure provide,
And which nor Taſte nor Friendſhip can ſupply?

And yet methinks it might be all ſupplied,
Would Fate permit th' experiment to try;
Could I but once embrace ſome gentle Bride,
And read affection in her melting eye.

And ſure there ſtill exiſts ſome ſimple Maid,
Ev'n in this age of levity and art,
Who ſlights the hope of wealth and vain parade,
And ſighs for nothing but a faithful heart.
If ſuch there be, ye gracious Pow'rs be kind,
And guide my ſearch, till I the treaſure find!

April 1789.

SONNET XXXIX.

On perusing Fontenelle's Pluralité des Mondes.

WHAT bliſs was thine, acute but poliſh'd Sage,
Whoſe pleaſing courſe of aſtronomic lore,
So ſtrongly thus could Beauty's ear engage
To leave each leſſon, with a wiſh for more!—

What bliſs were mine, in theſe ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
Had I, like thee, ſome Pupil fair and young,
To cheer the darkneſs of my lonely hours,
And hang with fondneſs on her Teacher's tongue!—

But my inſtructions would not ſoar ſo high,
Nor range, like thine, the planetary round;
Far humbler themes my leſſons ſhould ſupply,
But which more uſeful might perhaps be found,
Of Taſte, and Fancy, and the deeds of Fame,
And Friendſhip's ſacred pow'r, and Love's more ſacred flame!

Blair Logie, May 1789.

On receiving 32 Volumes of the Parnaſo Italiano.

WELCOME, ye Children of the TUSCAN Muſe!
Since now at laſt my long-expecting eye,
With fond regard your bright aſſemblage views,
And ſees what treaſures in your pages lie.

Thrice welcome all to theſe ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
Where ſocial bliſs can be but rarely mine,
For ye can cheer my ſolitary hours,
And charm my ſpirit with your notes divine.

With PETRARCH oft I'll heave the love-ſick ſigh,
Through Hell's terrific ſcenes with DANTE rove,
Up to the Moon with ARIOSTO fly,
And range with TASSO through ARMIDA's Grove.
While ſuch as theſe I ſtill around me ſee,
Though oft alone, I ne'er can lonely be.

Blair Logie, May 1789.

SONNET XLI.

From Werter, Part I. Letter I.

Wie froh bin ich, daſs ich weg bin, &c.

How weak, my Friend, is oft the human heart!
How ſtrange, at times, its wild vagaries be!
That I from ſuch a Friend ſhould wiſh to part,
And now rejoice that I am far from thee.

Of what perverſe and uncomplying ſtuff
Has Nature kneaded up this frame of ours!
That Life's own ills are not eſteem'd enough,
Unleſs Reflection add her tort'ring hours.

But what is Man, that thus he dares complain?
I will, my Friend, I will at laſt be wiſe;
Nor longer thus augment my ſhare of pain,
By turning backward ſtill my penſive eyes.
No more ſhall ſorrows paſt my mind annoy,
Nor paſt delight my preſent bliſs deſtroy.

May 1789.

SONNET XLII.

From Werter, Part I. Letter I.

Uebrigens ſind ich mich hier gar wohl, &c.

With what untir'd delight I wander here!
How ſweet is ſolitude in ſcenes like theſe!
Where ev'ry charm that decks the youthful year,
My wild, romantic heart conſpires to pleaſe.

On ev'ry hedge what painted blooms appear!
What flow'ry wealth embroiders all the trees!
From ev'ry grove what muſic meets the ear!
What fragrance breathes in ev'ry paſſing breeze!

So charming ſeems the honied Spring to me
That I could almoſt wiſh my ſtate to change,
Some vernal inſect for a time to be,
And here through ſeas of richeſt odour range;
Where I with eaſe ambroſial food might find,
And ſport for ever on the wanton wind.

May 1789.

SONNET XLIII.

From Werter, Part I. Letter IV.

Du fragſt, ob du mir meine Bücher ſchicken ſollſt, &c.

No, no, my Friend, my ſtudious days are o'er,
I pray thee, therefore, ſend no books to me;
I will by pedants be perplex'd no more,
No more inflam'd, no more exhorted be.

Such formal fools have rul'd my mind too long,
But I will henceforth all their art defy;
I aſk no ſtudy, but ſome ſoothing ſong,
And that my HOMER richly can ſupply.

And ſure this Heart of mine no aid requires
Amuſement ample for itſelf to find,
This wild capricious heart, whoſe keen deſires
Are more inconſtant than the Winter's wind:
And yet this heart deſpotic rules me ſtill,
And, like ſome froward child, has all its will.

May 1789.

Prefixed to a Copy of the Choice, a Poem :—preſented to a Lady.

WHEN firſt my ſoul, in theſe imperfect ſtrains,
Her ſtrong attachment for the Muſe confeſt,
What eager joy would then have fir'd my veins,
And what emotions fill'd my ſtormy breaſt!

Had I been told—" A time for thee remains
" When thou ſhalt be with Friendſhip's voice addreſt,
" By her whoſe ſiſter now, in cruel chains,
" Confines thy heart, and robs thy hours of reſt."

But STEFANILLA now is heard no more,
And thine, SIBELLA, is the dearer name!
A name unfeign'd, which, though unknown before,
Has now to my regard a juſter claim;
Since Friendſhip's gentle bond is far above
The ſtrong, but broken chain of diſregarded Love!

Alloa, June 1789.

SONNET XLV.

How bleſt is He (however low his ſtate),
To whom the bounty of indulgent Heav'n,
A tender, conſtant, kind, congenial Mate,
To ſhare his pleaſures and his pains has giv'n!

To her ſecure he opens all his heart,
Nor knows one thought he wiſhes to conceal,
Fearleſs to her can ev'ry care impart,
And all the ſorrows of his ſoul reveal.

Though all abroad refuſe his ſpirit reſt,
Tho' Fortune frowns, and Friends may prove unkind,
At home he knows remains one faithful breaſt,
Where ſtill his weary head repoſe ſhall find.
Ah! why to me does Fate ſuch bliſs deny,
And doom me ſtill to live "a ſolitary Fly?"

Blair Logie, Oct. 1789.

Tranſlated from Pſalm CXXI.

Aſha oini al e-erim main ibua ozri, &c.

To Sion's Mountains will I lift mine eyes,
From whence alone unfailing aid deſcends,
From Him whoſe hand with azure deck'd the Skies,
And cloth'd in verdure Earth's remoteſt ends:

By Him upheld, thy feet ſhall ſtand ſecure;
By Him, whom ſlumber's pow'r can ne'er ſurpriſe
Whoſe watchful cares through ages all endure,
Who views his works with ever-wakeful eyes.

Still by thy ſide the Lord himſelf ſhall ſtay,
Thy ſhield and ſhadow from ſurrounding foes;
No hoſtile hand ſhall wound thy peace by day,
Nor midnight terrors break thy calm repoſe.—
The Lord ſhall keep thy ſoul from danger free,
And all thy ſteps by Him ſhall guarded be.

October 1789.

SONNET XLVII.

On perusing a List of the numerous Works of the Spanish Poet Lopè de Vega.

How strange, thou tuneful miracle of Spain!
That one short Life so many themes could try!
But stranger still, that one prolific brain
Could such unwearied floods of song supply!

Had I, alas! but half that rapid flow
Which Nature's lavish hand conferr'd on thee,
How soon might ev'ry scheme, that now so slow,
So fault'ring moves, its full completion see!

No longer then should CALEDONIA's Muse
Of her Historian's negligence complain;
No more should TASTE his slothful Bard accuse,
And for returning notice wait in vain;
No longer then should WHIST unfinish'd stand,
And ask one effort from Perfection's hand *.

Edinburgh, March 1790.

* The word *perfection* refers here to quantity, not quality, and *is synonymous* with *completion* in the 8th line.

Translated from Engelhof, a German Novel.

Wenn du glücklich bist, so weiche aus dieser gegend, &c.

If thou art one of those who, plac'd on high,
In Fortune's glitt'ring bow'rs have foster'd been;
If thou art one, whose clear, unmoisten'd eye,
Has nought as yet but blooms and blossoms seen;

Oh, come not here, to this infectious place;
From mis'ry's victim turn thy sight away;
Whose pow'rful breath would dim thy shining face,
Whose strong affliction bellows night and day.

Yet thou, perhaps, events may'st chance to meet,
Which not in all the range of Books are found;
Yet thou, perhaps, in chains of anguish bound,
May'st wish, like me, that you had turn'd your feet
From smooth Society's deceitful shore,
To desart wilds, where wolves and tygers roar.

April 1790.

SONNET XLIX.

On perusing the Araucana of Ercilla.

In vain, Ercilla, does the partial strain
Of Quixote's matchless Sire thy praise proclaim,
While, with the Tuscan Muse's brilliant train,
He fondly seeks to prove thy rival claim *.

In vain, thou martial Bard! does haughty Spain
With mighty Camoens join thy feeble name;
And, for thy humble brows, essays in vain
To weave an equal wreath of Epic fame.

Can the long, tiresome tale of war's alarms,
With Lusitania's song presume to vie?
With the dire Spectre's wild, terrific charms †,
Or those which Love's romantic bow'rs supply ‡?
Or with that soft, pathetic verse compare,
Which paints the cruel fate of hapless Inez fair §?

May 1. 1790.

* Don Quixote, Parte I. Cap. VI.
† See the Apparition of the Spirit of the Cape, Lusiad V.
‡ The Island of Love, Lusiad IX.
§ *The Story* of Inez de Castro, Lusiad III.

Suggeſted by a Debate in Converſation.

AND are there then, O much-lamented Shade!
Whoſe impious tongues profane thy hallow'd name?
Who grudge the honours to thy mem'ry paid,
And ſeek to blaſt thy pure, exalted fame?

Thy noble ſchemes—in human form array'd,
Are there, O HOWARD! thoſe who dare to blame?
And brand that Life, which Heav'n with pride ſurvey'd,
With worthleſs Lunacy's deteſted name?

How deeply ſunk is this degen'rate Age
In ſelfiſh maxims, and inglorious views,
That ſome ſhould live, who war with goodneſs wage,
And ev'n to deeds like thine their praiſe refuſe!
Who call romantic ev'ry gen'rous toil,
Who Feeling Folly term, and Virtue Madneſs ſtyle!

May 3. 1790.

FAIR Southern Bridge! adorn'd with ſtructures bright,
EDINA's lateſt, and her nobleſt pride!
Whoſe arches high far diſtant ſtreets unite,
And bend in triumph o'er the waveleſs void!

Oft have theſe eyes beheld, with fond delight,
Thy range of ample proſpect, long and wide,
Where cheerful Commerce always greets the ſight,
And Faſhion ſpreads her pomp on ev'ry ſide:

But now thy charms will o'er my ſoul preſide
With juſter claim, and more tranſcendent pow'r,
Since now thy ſplendid length will ſerve to guide
My frequent feet to that exalted tow'r,
Where Hope, aſſur'd by Friendſhip's promiſe kind,
A warm and conſtant welcome truſts to find.

Edinburgh, May 15. 1790.

From Werter, Part I. Letter XIX.

Nein, ich betrüge mich nicht—Ich leſe in ihren Schwarzen augen, &c.

No, I am not deceiv'd—in thoſe black eyes,
Whoſe ſweet effulgence ev'ry light excells,
(If well my ſight their characters deſcries,)
When bent on me, far more than friendſhip d wells.

Yes, yes, I feel—and truſt the truth divine,
That now to my deſires at laſt is giv'n,
Enraptur'd, to pronounce—HER HEART IS MINE!
Theſe rich, triumphant words, themſelves a Heav'n!

Her Heart is mine!—and can I then do leſs
Than prize myſelf a thouſand times the more?
Nor need I bluſh the weakneſs to confeſs
Of this proud Heart, which ne'er was proud before,
That ſince her ſmiles approv'd my fond addreſs,
I think I almoſt could myſelf adore!

May 21. 1790.

SONNET LIII.

From the ſame Letter.

Und ob das vermeſſenheit iſt, oder gefühl des wahren verhältniſſes, &c.

CAN this the fruit of haughty temper be,
Or the juſt meaſurement of conſcious pride,
That I from jealouſy have ſtill been free,
And, though a Lover, all his pow'r defied?

Thank Heav'n, I have not yet beheld the Man,
In whom Suſpicion's eye could danger ſee;
Of all her rival crowd I know not one
Whom LOTTA's feelings could prefer to me.

And yet, whene'er ſhe ſpeaks her Bridegroom's name,
With all that warmth which decks her lips divine,
I feel like him, who, fond of martial fame,
Had long ador'd at Hardſhip's ſullen ſhrine,
When forc'd at laſt to quit his Honour's claim,
And even its deareſt pride, his Sword reſign!

FATHER of Love! unknown to mortal ſight,
Whom yet in all thy works our eyes ſurvey,
Inſpire my ſoul with ardour's utmoſt height,
That I to thee may praiſe's tribute pay;

To thee, whoſe hand with bloſſoms of delight
Has ſtrew'd for many a month my gladſome way,
Has deck'd the paſt with Pleaſure's golden light,
And all to come, with Hope's enliv'ning ray.

And what, thou righteous Judge! have I to plead,
From thee to merit ſuch indulgent care?
Whom, if thy mercy were not great indeed,
Thou hadſt long ſince abandon'd to deſpair.—
But, oh! henceforth from guilt and folly free,
And turn this grateful heart entire to thee!

May 23. 1790.

SONNET LV.

YES, it is paſt;—at cruel Fate's command,
The gaudy pageant of Life's future ſcene,
So richly deck'd by Fancy's fairy hand,
Has ſunk at once, as it had never been.

Where now are all thoſe viſions of delight,
Which late ſo gaily glitter'd in my eye?
And where that proud, triumphant fabric bright,
Which Hope's preſumptuous hand had rear'd ſo high?

What then remains to cheer my lonely hours,
Since barr'd from comforts of domeſtic kind,
But the fair uſe of thoſe exhauſtleſs pow'rs,
With which kind Nature has enrich'd my mind;
But grateful thoughts for other bounties giv'n,
And meek ſubmiſſion to the will of Heav'n?

May 25. 1790.

Not though the whole of Nature's pond'rous frame
Had ruſh'd at once to headlong ruin down;
Though fate at once had wrapt the ſkies in flame,
And ſent deſtruction's waves the world to drown;

Could theſe have ſhaken more this mortal frame
Than adverſe Fortune's late ſevereſt frown,
Which drove from Comfort's ſhrine that brilliant flame,
Whoſe light I hop'd my future days to crown!

Long time, in ſtupor ſunk, my ſenſes lay,
Cruſh'd by the cruel weight of ſad ſurpriſe,
While the whole length of Life's ſucceeding way
Seem'd one vaſt deſart to my mournful eyes;
Till Reaſon roſe—reſum'd her godlike ſway—
And taught my drooping ſoul with her to riſe!

May 26. 1790.

SONNET LVII.

Lo, where on Isis' bank fair England's Muſe
Laments the leader of her Laureate train!
Whoſe art, with Chivalry's romantic hues,
Combines the chaſteneſs of the claſſic ſtrain.

She mourns that Sage, whoſe patient toil purſues
Her fault'ring ſteps through Time's extenſive plain,
And from primeval ſhades her progreſs views,
Down to the brightneſs of Eliza's reign.

With the rich meed of ſome melodious tear,
Fain would ſhe now that cruel ſtroke deplore,
Which ſtopp'd her darling in his fair career
Of antiquarian ſearch, and critic lore:
For ſtill, while Taſte or She can honour claim,
Each age ſhall venerate her Warton's name *!

May 31. 1790.

* Thomas Warton, late Poet Laureat, and Author of the Hiſtry of Engliſh Poetry.

FATHER of Love! to whom with rapture vain,
I rais'd ſo late the too-triumphant lay,
Indulgent ſtill, in notes of humbler ſtrain,
Permit me now my grateful vows to pay.

Though thou haſt check'd at once my proud career,
And laid the fabric of my hopes in duſt,
Yet will this Heart adore thy doom ſevere,
And in thy favour ſtill ſecurely truſt.

It ſeem'd indeed, to this imperfect view,
That what I loſt alone could bliſs beſtow;
And yet, perhaps, thy gracious wiſdom knew,
That all I fondly aſk'd was nought but woe:
And thou, perhaps, ſtill fairer hopes wilt raiſe,
And crown ſome future year with brighter days.

June 6. 1790.

SONNET LIX.

WHY did my raſh, capricious feet forſake
The cool, ſequeſter'd paths of ſtudious Lore,
To truſt my fate on Paſſion's ſtormy lake,
And ſport with Hope on Pleaſure's flow'ry ſhore?

O that ſome Pow'r my troubled ſoul would make
As calm and careleſs as it was before!
The ſame unwearied taſte for Books awake,
And the ſame love for Solitude reſtore!

But vain the wiſh—this alter'd heart of mine
Has drunk too deep the cup of ſocial joy;
And the dear reliſh of the draught divine
Each charm of lonely bliſs would now deſtroy:
And ſhould not Heav'n domeſtic hopes reſtore,
I fear Content and I muſt meet no more.

June 10. 1790.

SURE ſome croſs fate each luckleſs Bard attends,
And renders ſtill his ſtrongeſt efforts vain ;
From paſſion's pow'r each darling breaſt defends,
And ſtops the influence of his ardent ſtrain ;

Elſe why ſo oft in Beauty's ear deſcends
Each fruitleſs accent of his am'rous pain ?
Elſe why, for bliſs beſtow'd, ſo rare aſcends
His grateful ſong in Love's triumphant fane ?—

Alas ! that ſounds, which boaſt the melting pow'r,
To ſteal a ſigh from ev'ry gentle mind,
Whene'er eſſay'd in paſſion's trembling hour,
Should no return but cold indiff'rence find !
Alas, that Love alone ſhould ſcorn the lays
Which ev'n the Critic's pride would deign to praiſe !

June 12. 1790.

SONNET LXI.

ALONG thy verdant banks, paternal DEE!
Oft have theſe feet in Life's gay morning ſtray'd,
When the calm ſoul, from care and paſſion free,
Each paſſing hour with equal eye ſurvey'd.

To reach the bloſſoms fair of Learning's tree,
Young Fancy here his firſt vain efforts made;
And here, inſpir'd by Solitude and thee,
The childiſh Muſe her earlieſt notes eſſay'd.

And now, while Mem'ry's eye the ſcene ſurveys,
I ſeem to feel by turns each paſſion's pow'r
Which here I felt, from Childhood's ſprightly days,
Down to the languor of this hopeleſs hour;
In which to thee once more thy Son returns,
And on thy native ſhore his blaſted proſpects mourns!

Newton, July 4. 1790.

WHY ſhould I thus, with Sorrow's tuneful ſtream,
Bewail ſo long the ruins of delight?
Why conſtant thus indulge the penſive theme,
And turn from all beſides my wilful ſight?

As well might I regret each gaudy Dream,
That fills with fairy pomp the waſte of Night,
And weep, when Morn diſplays her golden gleam,
And puts at once the ſhadowy forms to flight.

But if to Viſions I muſt give my days,
Let them be Viſions of a nobler kind,
Thoſe brilliant ſcenes which Fancy's pow'r diſplays
In rich profuſion to the tuneful mind:
Let theſe gay Dreams each future thought employ,
And fill the vacant place of more ſubſtantial joy.

July 1790.

SONNET LXIII.

Elile e-eva ikahèu apil. Jon. III. 6.

For ever curſt be this revolving Night
In which at firſt within my boſom ſprung
That fatal Hope, on which my dazzled ſight,
For ten ſucceeding months, with fondneſs hung:

That darling Hope, to which, in Reaſon's ſpite,
This weak, this fooliſh heart, ſo cloſely clung,
That when it ceas'd to ſtrew my paths with light,
I heard, methought, the knell of Comfort rung.

And yet, why ventures this ungrateful tongue
To curſe that Hope, whoſe animating pow'r
O'er ev'ry ſcene Enchantment's colours flung,
And fill'd with rapture each triumphant hour?
Why but for this, that Hope, though ne'er ſo fair,
Is dearly bought, when purchas'd with Deſpair.

July 24. 1790.

Ω πότνια λήθη τῶν κακῶν, ὡς εἶ σοφὴ,
Καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχοῦσιν ἱκτηρία θεός. EURIPIDES.

TIR'D and diſguſted with the cheerleſs Day,
To thee, ſweet Sleep, my ſoul for refuge flies,
Submits with tranſport to thy gentle ſway,
And courts the comfort which thy pow'r ſupplies.

Thy pow'r alone can drive thoſe thoughts away,
By which oppreſt, each waking moment ſighs;
To ſcenes of ſhadowy Bliſs my ſoul convey,
And cheer with Pleaſure's light my penſive eyes.

What wonder then, that he, whoſe luckleſs fate
Can now from thee alone receive delight,
Should quit thy fairy land with fond regret,
And curſe the ſplendor of returning light;
Should hail with partial voice thy gloom divine,
And wiſh that not alone the night were thine?

July 1790.

SONNET LXV.

Laſſo, che ſon! che fui! PETRARCH.

WHERE now, alas! is that unwearied flame
Which fill'd this happy heart with warmth divine,
Diſſolv'd the froſts of fear and evil ſhame *,
And urg'd with boldneſs ev'ry fair deſign?

Where is that active, ſelf-confiding pow'r,
Which bore through ev'ry taſk with eaſe along,
Supplied with ready ſpeech the ſocial hour,
And crown'd retirement with the fruits of ſong?

Ah! where indeed?—how diſmal now the change!
How deeply ſunk is this degen'rate mind,
Condemn'd through all its thoughts in vain to range,
And ſcarcely there one gay conception find!
Oh, when will Hope and Fear reſume their reign,
And give my boſom back to pleaſure and to pain?

Aug. 1790.

* Mauvaiſe Honte.

ARE theſe indeed the walls, ſo dear eſteem'd,
And oft in youth extoll'd with partial praiſe?
Are theſe the ſcenes which once I fondly deem'd
Beyond, in beauty, all the Sun ſurveys?

Are theſe the haunts, where childiſh Fancy dream'd,
And ſpent in vain purſuits the careleſs days?
And theſe the ſtreets which once ſo ſplendid ſeem'd,
When richly gilt with Love's romantic rays?

Yes, theſe are they—but Time's almighty pow'r
Has broke the chain which bound my ſoul ſo long,
Defac'd the charms of ev'ry fairy bow'r,
And turn'd to diſcord each romantic ſong;
Has ſtript theſe plains of ev'ry borrow'd grace,
And made the Town of Love—a common place.

Aberdeen, Sept. 1. 1790.

SONNET LXVII.

Weh mir, ich fühle zu wahr, daſs an mir allein alle ſchuld liegt

GOETHE

To thee, paternal DEE, without a ſigh,
I now can bid, perhaps, a laſt adieu,
Since now no more this dark, diſguſted eye,
Can aught of thine with wonted pleaſure view.

Thy Stream appears not now ſo ſmooth to glide
As when I wander'd here a careleſs Boy;
Nor on thy banks, ſo charming once, reſide
The ſame engaging forms of rural joy.

And yet I fear the fault is all my own;
Thy banks and ſtream perchance are ſtill the ſame;
And I muſt blame that Diſcontent alone
Whoſe baneful pow'r pervades this weary frame,
Which ev'ry ſcene with equal languor ſees,
And which nor Nature now, nor Life can pleaſe.

Newton, Sept. 9. 1790.

By Fate expell'd from Pleaſure's myrtle bow'r,
I flew for comfort to my native ſhore,
But found not there the ſame enliv'ning pow'r
Which ev'ry object us'd to boaſt before.

It was not there that Love's ambroſial flow'r
So rich a weight of golden bloſſoms bore;
Nor there this face, in Hope's triumphant hour,
The conſtant ſmile of ſelf-complacence wore.

There Mem'ry unobſerv'd could freely range
Through all the windings of my wayward fate;
But here, where ev'ry eye would note the change,
I muſt reſign at once each fond regret;
Nor, while expos'd to Penetration's gaze,
Diſgrace the promiſe of my better days.

Edinburgh, Sept. 11. 1790.

SONNET LXIX.

Nepiſhi iſhubib. PSALM XXIII. 3.

THANKS be to Heav'n—the Demon's reign is o'er,
Whoſe iron graſp benumb'd my ſoul ſo long,
From ev'ry wreath the flow'rs of pleaſure tore,
And turn'd to diſcord ev'n the Muſe's ſong.

Thy hand alone, O thrice indulgent Pow'r!
Has now at laſt reliev'd this wretched mind,
By cruel fate, for many a cheerleſs hour,
In the dark dungeon of Deſpair confin'd;

From Diſappointment's waſte has turn'd my view,
Plac'd me once more the groves of Hope among,
Reſtor'd to Nature's charms their wonted hue,
And in my breaſt reviv'd the ſeeds of Song.
Oh let not Fortune quench again the fire,
Till with the lamp of Life the ſacred flame expire!

Nov. 1790.

Sent to a Young Lady, with a Copy of the Choice.

THOUGH ſmall the worth of this imperfect Song,
Accept, dear Maid! the Poet's grateful mind,
To her whoſe converſe cheer'd his fate ſo long,
And greets him ſtill with Friendſhip's accents kind.

Ah, happy months! beyond deſcription bright,
The months I paſt in thoſe exalted tow'rs,
In which thy daily preſence bleſt my ſight,
And Hope beſtrew'd my path with choiceſt flow'rs.

I date my entrance on the weary road
That leads to Sorrow, from that fatal hour,
In which, conſtrain'd, I left the dear abode,
O'er which thy ſweetneſs held a guardian pow'r.
Then Heav'n itſelf denied its wonted care,
And all, for many a month, was darkneſs and deſpair.

Nov. 18. 1790.

Lo! where at laſt the ſov'reign Lord of Light,
Before the ſplendor of whoſe fiery car
The forms of darkneſs, and the fiends of night,
Shrink trembling back, and ſhun th' unequal war!

See where at laſt, from heav'n's meridian height,
In mild, but ſolemn ſtate, he now retires;
Withdraws his golden ſhield, erewhile ſo bright,
And turns to cheering rays his ſcorching fires!

See where, o'er all the hills and diſtant ſpires,
The glorious Chief his purple banner waves;
Whilſt all the world his parting pomp admires,
And his returning ſmile to-morrow craves!
So ſhall He ſhine, whoſe days to good were giv'n;
So ſhall he ſhine, when quitting earth for heav'n.

Mail-Coach, Nov. 22. 1790.

OFT with delight I PALMER's eaſe have ſeen,
KING's brazen front, and PARSONS' queer grimace;
Oft have I laugh'd at QUICK's expreſſion keen,
And ſmil'd when LEWIS play'd the Man of Lace:

On FARREN's elegance and eaſy mien
Oft have I gaz'd; and POPE's majeſtic grace *;
With horror ſhrunk at SIDDONS, ſtormy Queen,
And wept with BRUNTON's more enchanting face.

Theſe have I ſeen—but none of theſe to me
With JORDAN's varying pow'rs will e'er compare,
Who paints, with equal ſkill, the Hoyden's glee,
And gentle VIOLA's bewitching air.
Hers is that charm, which ev'ry heart obeys;
And hers the juſt reward of univerſal praiſe.

London, Feb. 1791.

* Mrs. Pope, originally Miſs Younge.

SONNET LXXIII.

PRIDE of the World, dear LONDON! fare thee well,
Where ſtill I friendſhip view'd in ev'ry face,
And where alone I found the precious well,
Whoſe taſte had pow'r my mental gloom to chaſe.

Of all thy dreadful ſnares let others tell;
Thy ſtreets of peril, and thy robber race;
On brighter themes this grateful tongue ſhall dwell,
And call thee ſtill Amuſement's darling place:

Where each extenſive ſtreet preſents by day,
To wonder's eager gaze, ſome novel ſight;
And each returning eve, with ſummons gay,
Calls youthful Pleaſure to ſome new delight.
Still ſhall thoſe joyous months I ſpent with thee
In Mem'ry's faireſt page recorded be.

March 24. 1791.

DELIGHTFUL thought!—and does ELIZA deign
To aſk a tribute from my humble Muſe?
And ſhall the dear requeſt be urg'd in vain?
And muſt her Friend ſo poor a boon refuſe?

Too ſure he muſt—for, ah! the tuneful train
Will viſit now this cheerleſs breaſt no more;
No longer freely prompt the flowing ſtrain,
Nor ſoothe my ſadneſs with their honied lore.

Yet ſure this tongue requires not Fancy's aid,
Nor needs the ſuccour of poetic art,
To tell, in words of truth, the darling Maid,
The warm attachment of her Poet's heart;
Where deathleſs Gratitude has rear'd a throne,
On which her image ſits, unrivall'd and alone.

Dumfries, Aug. 19. 1791.

SONNET LXXV.

In came my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Stopp'd all our buds from blowing. SHAKSPEARE.

I saw two Hearts, in Hope's triumphant day,
(By Nature caſt in ſome congenial mold)
Before the ſweetneſs of the ſunny ray
The tender leaves of mutual love unfold.

I look'd again—but all was paſt away,
No gleam of ſunſhine could I now behold,
And all the tender buds and bloſſoms gay
Were nipt and wither'd by the cruel cold:

For Fortune's barb'rous hand had beaten down
The fane of Hope, with all its turrets gay;
And Love, diſmay'd to ſee a Father's frown,
Had ſtretch'd his purple wings, and fled away.
Will Fortune thus to Love be ſtill a foe,
And will ſhe never more permit theſe buds to blow?

Edinburgh, Oct. 8. 1791.

SONNET LXXVI.

From the Italian of Benedetto Menzini.

Altri la Roſa,
Vaga, amoroſa,
Loda per lo ſplendor di ſua beltà, &c.

LET other Bards the Roſe's charms proclaim,
And praiſe the ſplendor of her beauty gay,
While I aſſert the Violet's fairer claim,
To bear from ev'ry flow'r the palm away.

When to the gale ſhe languidly diſplays
Her pallid leaves along the verdant ground,
That pallid hue a languid heart betrays,
Made faint and feeble by Love's ling'ring wound.

With roſy wreaths let Youth his temples bind,
While gay he quaffs in Pleaſure's jocund bow'r;
But to the tender Lover's penſive mind,
Shalt thou, ſweet Violet, be the faireſt flow'r;
While in thy hues to Beauty's boaſt is join'd
The dearer charm of ſympathetic pow'r!

Dec. 1792.

How oft, in Reaſon's ſpite, muſt we be told,
(And told it too in BRITAIN's lib'ral air),
By thoſe that AFRIC's Sons in bondage hold,
That better they than SCOTIA's Peaſants fare!

Could ye their hunger feed with fruits of gold,
And liquid rubies for their drink prepare,
All this for Freedom's feaſt were richly ſold,
Which Nature's voice invites each Son to ſhare.

The naked wretch, who drinks the torrent's tide,
And picks his ſcanty meal from ſhrub or tree,
While unreſtrain'd by Pow'r's tyrannic pride,
O'er all the mountains he can wander free,
Is happier far (in ev'ry manly mind)
Than he that ſumptuous fares, in Slav'ry's halls confin'd

March 1792.

THY plains, CORSTORPHINE, are but bleak and bare,
And to thy ſhare few rural beauties fall;
Thy groves—thy bow'rs—and ev'n thy trees are rare,
And thy ſweet murm'ring ſtreams are—none at all.

Yet ſhall thy ſcenes be ſtill to Mem'ry fair,
When thoſe few weeks of Freedom I recall,
Which here I ſpent, eſcap'd the Houſe of Care,
And out of hearing of the Deſpot's call.

And when I think that on GERMANIA's Muſe
I here with fondneſs firſt began to gaze,
Whoſe pow'rful charms were deſtin'd to diffuſe
So much of pleaſure o'er my future days;
That (ſave our own, and GRECIA's Muſe divine)
I would each tuneful Maid for her reſign.

Corſtorphine, April 1792.

SONNET LXXIX.

A Mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time. MILTON.

HERE the ſweet Spring diſtills her freſheſt dews,
And clothes each foreſt with her deepeſt gloom,
Diſplays on ev'ry bank her faireſt hues,
And breathes in ev'ry gale her beſt perfume.

And will not charms like theſe awake the Muſe?
Will ſhe not now her liſtleſs lyre reſume?
Sweet Nature's muſic through her notes diffuſe,
And tinge her pictures with its vernal bloom?

But ſhe, capricious Maid! ſuch pow'r defies,
And help or hindrance ſcorns from place or time;
While Nature ſmiles around, ſhe oft denies
To weave, though much invok'd, one ſingle rhyme;
And oft perverſely gives her ſweeteſt ſtrain
Amidſt EDINA's ſmoke, and Winter's cheerleſs reign!

Gifford, May 24. 1792.

To mark each glory of the GRECIAN Stage;
Of SCOTTISH Speech to trace the wild'ring maze;
And clothe in BRITISH garb that glowing page,
Where SCHILLER's MOOR his wond'rous ſoul diſplays*:

From off the lawn to bruſh the morning dews,
And roam the woodland path at ſhut of eve;
In ev'ry lonely walk to meet the Muſe,
And, with enraptur'd ear, her words receive:

To watch the progreſs of the ſinking ſun,
Then hie me homeward to my frugal fare:
Such is the courſe which here I daily run,
And ſuch the labours which my moments ſhare:
Such are my joys—ah! why ſhould joys like theſe,
So cheap and tranquil, ever fail to pleaſe?

June 8. 1792.

* The Author was then engaged in a Tranſlation of the German Tragedy of the Robbers, in which he was anticipated by another hand.

SONNET LXXXI.

THOUGH, SALTON, thy domains unſhelter'd ſeem,
And leſs than each adjacent village fair,
Yet with that light which Mem'ry's claſſic beam
Around thee throws, can nought of theirs compare.

In thee, DUNBAR *, of SCOTTISH Bards ſupreme,
Inhal'd his earlieſt draught of vital air;
DUNBAR, whoſe ſong with Fancy's brilliant gleam,
Conjoins the comic boaſt of Humour rare:

DUNBAR, whoſe myſtic ROSE and THISTLE'S twine
Unfading glory may ſo boldly claim;
Whoſe GOLDEN SHIELD, enrich'd with forms divine,
Shall hang for ever in the Hall of Fame.
Hail, charming Bard!—to thee, ſome future day,
Perhaps my critic pow'rs may larger tribute pay.

Salton, June 14. 1792.

* Although ſome doubts have lately been ſtarted, in conſequence of a more accurate examination of Manuſcripts, with regard to the once prevalent opinion, that Salton was the birth-place of Dunbar, the former prevalence of that opinion is ſurely ſufficient for the purpoſes of Poetry.

COME, let us now to Solitude repair,
And with us words of ev'ry colour take * ;
Come, let us here diſmiſs each vulgar Care,
And ev'ry painful Paſſion here forſake.

Then let our ſkill employ thoſe Pencils rare,
Whoſe pow'rful touches can immortal make;
One held by none but Fancy's fingers fair,
And one which Mem'ry's hand alone can wake.

Nor yet forget, while we our hues prepare,
To mix them well with Taſte's ambroſial oil,
That ſweetly ſmooths away each taudry glare,
And decks with gloſſy grace the finiſh'd toil;
Which then may boldly meet the Critic's eye,
Which Envy then may ſcorn, and Time defy.

Gifford, June 26. 1792.

* Kehu omkim dabrim. HOSEA, xiv. 2.

SONNET LXXXIII.

On perusing an Account of the Arcadian Society at Rome.

Ol eroim harè api. ZECHARIAH, x. 3.

STRANGE to relate! and had such childish toys
The pow'r ITALIA's critic sons to please?
Fit only for a band of love-sick boys,
Or frantic QUIXOTE in his last disease *.

Did not these triflers of ARCADIA know
That Truth alone can genuine light dispense;
And only streams from Nature's fount that flow
Can please the manly taste of sober sense?

Our SHENSTONE, led by dreams like these astray,
His PHYLLIS woo'd, and justly woo'd in vain;

* Querian renovar e imitar á la pastoral Arcadia, pensamiento tan nuevo como discreto, á cuya imitacion, si es que á ti te parece bien, querria, ó Sancho, que nos convirtiésemos en Pastores.

DON QUIXOTE, Parte II. Cap. lxvii.

And MILTON's ſelf, for Paſſion's plaintive lay,
Gave LYCIDAS but Fancy's frigid ſtrain.
Of all the ſins which e'er PARNASSUS curſt,
Such affectation vile is ſure the worſt.

June 28. 1792.

SONNET LXXXIV.

Being a Tranſlation of the firſt Six Verſes of Pſalm CIII.

Berki nepiſhi ath Jevè, ucol kerbi ath ſhem kadiſhu, &c.

BLESS, O my Soul, Creation's mighty Lord!
Let ev'ry member of this mortal frame,
Let all my mental pow'rs, with one accord,
Unite to magnify his holy name!

Bleſs, O my Soul, Creation's mighty Lord!
Nor all his gracious benefits forget,
Who thy weak frame to health has oft reſtor'd,
And freed thy breaſt from Sin's deſpairing weight;

Who from Deſtruction's pit thy life redeems,
And crowns thy head with Mercy's kindly dews;
Who fills thy mouth with Pleaſure's wholeſome ſtreams,
And, like the eagle's age, thy youth renews:
That Lord, whoſe deeds from juſtice never ſtray,
Who ſtill from ruin ſaves Oppreſſion's trembling prey!

June 30. 1792.

Being a Tranſlation of the Firſt Pſalm.

Aſhri-e-aiſh, aſhr la elec botzith reſhoim, &c.

How is the Man beyond expreſſion bleſt,
Whom wicked counſel never leads aſtray;
With impious Fools who never ſits a gueſt,
Nor truſts his feet in Vice's ſlipp'ry way!

To Heav'n his deareſt thoughts are all addreſs'd,
And fix'd on things divine both night and day;
Like ſome fair Tree, by ſtreams of water plac'd,
His fruitful foliage never ſhall decay:

Succeſs ſhall crown each labour of his hand:
But diff'rent far the Wicked's fate ſhall be;
In Judgment's awful hour he ſhall not ſtand,
But toſs'd like chaff before the whirlwind flee.
The Lord with pleaſure views the path of Right,
But Evil's crooked way ſhall periſh from his ſight.

July 1. 1792.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Meſkin Khur, agerche bi temizift,
Chun bar hemi keſhd, oziſift;
Kauan ukhuran barberdar,
Beh zadmian merdim azar. SADI.

UNGRATEFUL Man! whom he that ſeeks to pleaſe
By honeſt means, will find his labour loſt;
Whoſe mind is jaundic'd with a ſore diſeaſe,
And values thoſe the leaſt who ſerve him moſt.

The gentle gale that curls the ſummer ſeas,
Has oft, without regard, the notice croſt
Of him, who ſtill with admiration ſees
The ſtorm that ſtrews with death the dreary coaſt.

Yon Aſs he names with ſcorn, who, meek and mild,
His heavieſt burdens ſtill ſubmits to bear;
But ſpeaks with honour of the Lion wild,
Who from the foreſt ſprings his limbs to tear:
His tongue to uſeful toil no tribute pays,
But for Deſtruction's deeds reſerves its worthleſs praiſe

July 4. 1792.

This and the three following Sonnets are tranſlated from Charles Moor's Lamentation, in Schiller's Robbers, Act III. Scene II.

Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht, &c.

See with what pomp the Sun forſakes the ſkies,
And leaves the clouds with gold and purple lin'd;
Such is the pomp with which a Hero dies,
And ſuch the traces which he leaves behind.

This was the thought (while I was yet a Boy,)
Which moſt delight could to my ſoul ſupply;
Like this reſplendent Lord of life and joy,
To run my race—and then like him to die!

It was, I own indeed, a childiſh thought;
And yet I wiſh my manly mind to-day
To ſuch a temper could again be brought,
And think and act in ſuch a childiſh way:
But all my Innocence is fled away
To baſk with pleaſure pure in yonder vernal ray.

July 6. 1792.

SONNET XC.

O ihr Tage des friedens! Du Schloſs meines Vaters, &c.

Ye Days of Bliſs, which Mem'ry loves to hail!
Paternal Domes, where Peace and Virtue reign!
Ye charms that deck'd each green, romantic vale,
By Childhood haunted, and belov'd in vain!

Elyſian ſcenes! that o'er my ſoul prevail,
And will ye never, never come again?
Will ye no more, with ſoft, ambroſial gale,
Return to cool my burning boſom's pain?

Let Nature now her luckleſs Child bewail,
For they will never, never come again;
No more will they with ſoft, ambroſial gale,
Return to cool my burning boſom's pain!—
Gone are they all—in vain their loſs I mourn!
Gone are they all—and never to return!

This and the following Sonnet are tranſlated from Charles Moor's Soliloquy, Act IV. Scene II.

Sie liebt mich! Sie liebt mich! Verrätheriſch rollten die thränen von ihren wangen, &c.

She loves indeed!—her tongue though ſilence bound,
Yet o'er her cheeks the pearly traitors roll'd:—
Here ſtands the Couch, on which, her neck around,
I fondly ſwam in rapture uncontroul'd!—

And can I then ſuch love at once reſign?
Can I depart without one laſt farewell?
Without one kiſs upon thoſe lips divine,
Where all the mingled pow'rs of ſweetneſs dwell?

No!—I muſt ſee once more thoſe heav'nly eyes;
Once more to mine that heav'nly boſom ſtrain;
I muſt (though Nature in the conflict dies)
Ev'n to the dregs the charming poiſon drain!
Then will I fly from all I love away,
As far as Ship can ſail, or wild Deſpair convey.

July 7. 1792.

SONNET XCII.

Die goldenen Majenjahre der Knabenzeit leben wieder auf in der Seele des Elenden, &c.

How ſtrongly now does Childhood's vernal year
Diffuſe its golden light o'er Mis'ry's mind!
Once didſt thou hope to ſpend thy manhood here,
The wonder, praiſe, and darling of mankind!

Here all thy childiſh days to ſee reſtor'd
In dear AMELIA'S blooming babes again;
By all thy grateful people here ador'd:—
But why indulge I now ſuch fancies vain?

I muſt return to Mis'ry's deſart wild:
Farewell, paternal Domes of peace and joy!
Ye once with pleaſure look'd on CHARLES the Child,
And CHARLES the Child was ſure a happy Boy!
Now have ye ſeen (but what a change was there!)
The Man—the Slave of Guilt—the Victim of Deſpair!

THERE is a time in which the rudeſt Tale
Has always pow'r to charm the childiſh ear,
When all the force of Eloquence would fail,
And Fancy's richeſt phraſe abſurd appear.

I well can recollect, how ſtrange a taſte
To me, in days of yore, my Father's ſeem'd,
Who ſtill would HORACE praiſe for diction chaſte,
And OVID's wilder flights far leſs eſteem'd.

"How can you thus to all his charms be blind,
"Whoſe lively page recalls the times of old?
"Or what amuſement can you always find
"With him who never yet one Story told?"
In ſuch raſh words (though ne'er by him reſtrain'd)
A Father's taſte mature his critic Boy arraign'd,

SONNET XCIV.

OFT has the Muſe employ'd her ſweeteſt pow'rs,
While ſhe my Childhood's careleſs days pourtray'd;
Let her, for once, recall my infant hours,
And mark the wild miſtakes by Fancy made:

When from his gueſts my Sire a Toaſt would call,
I look'd in vain ſome butter Toaſt to ſee;
And when in church each voice began to bawl,
I thought they only ſung their A B C.

Then Dog and Cat were but one ſpecies deem'd,
For Man and Wife, by Nature's laws deſign'd;
And then of nuptial joys I ſtrangely dream'd,
As if entirely to the Male confin'd:
For then I knew not, if it were not ſo,
Why Maids, when courted, ſtill ſhould anſwer No.

*On looking into the Indians in England, a German Comedy**.

WITH ſuch fond feelings as a Glutton views
(Not us'd each day a Turtle-feaſt to ſee)
A diſh, whoſe ample ſize all dread ſubdues,
Of charming Callipaſh and Callipee,

Thou comic offspring of GERMANIA'S Muſe,
Sweet Volume! thus I lick my lips at thee;
And from that part which Time could yet peruſe,
Can well conjecture what thy whole muſt be.

Well can I gueſs how rich a feaſt, the whole
Of LIDDY'S filial heart at large diſplay'd;
How rare a banquet GURLI'S INDIAN ſoul
Muſt yield to me, ſo ſweetly here pourtray'd:
Nor need I bluſh to own this joy of mine,
For this, and this alone, is Gluttony divine!

Edinburgh, July 11. 1792.

* This Piece of Kotzebue was afterwards tranſlated by the Author.

SONNET XCVI.

Imitated from Werter, Part I. Letter XIII.

Ja, lieber Wilhelm, meinem hertzen ſind die Kinder am nächſten auf der erde, &c.

Oh, ye to Nature's deareſt beauties blind,
Whoſe luckleſs eyes can no attraction ſee
In thoſe, by God himſelf our rule deſign'd,
And by his Son pronounc'd no leſs to be *;

In thoſe, whoſe tongues by no reſtraint confin'd,
Declare each thought in language frank and free;
Whoſe little hearts, by falſehood unrefin'd,
Deſcend indignant from a Stoic knee:

For me, when Melancholy ſhades my mind,
When Man and Woman too have ceas'd to pleaſe,
In their ſweet, childiſh ſmiles, I ſtill can find
A pow'rful balm to ſoothe the dire diſeaſe:
To whom, and thoſe like them, alone was giv'n,
By our dear, ſuff'ring Lord, the promiſe of his Heav'n!

July 23. 1792.

---

* See Matthew, xviii. 3.

STILL in theſe ears my Mother's ſhrieks reſound,
And ſtill I ſee her looks of terror wild,
When the gay Snake, along the ruſſet ground,
So ſudden leapt acroſs her barefoot Child:

But ſhort indeed was Terror's painful ſtound,
And ſoon, reſtor'd to joy, the Mother ſmil'd,
When ſhe her Son ſurvey'd, and gladly found
No hurt inflicted by the Adder mild.

Perhaps he knew that foot, which thus he ſpar'd,
With wilful wound would never hurt a fly,
And (did ſuch mercy ſuit with ſelf-regard)
The vileſt reptile could not doom to die;
Content through life on milk and fruits to fare,
If Fate would thus conſent each breathing tribe to ſpare.

Gifford, July 27. 1792.

SONNET XCVIII.

Tranſlated from Werter, Part I. Lett. XXXV.

Einen gähen berg zu klettern iſt dann meine freude, &c.

To clamber fearleſs up ſome mountain ſteep,
Through ſome impervious wood to force my way,
Through many a hedge of prickly thorn to ſweep,
Are the wild pleaſures of my lonely day.

Thus do I wander on till midnight deep;
Fatigue and thirſt no longer then can ſtray;
Then to ſome ſhade with wounded ſoles I creep,
On ſome rude trunk my weary head to lay;

And there at laſt I ſnatch a broken ſleep,
Beneath the fullneſs of the Lunar ray,
And wake from ſhort repoſe again to weep,
And waſte in wiſhes vain the ſoul away.
From all this ſtormy ſtrength of Mis'ry's wave,
I ſee but one retreat, and that—the Grave!

July 28. 1792.

From Werter, Part II. Letter V.

Wenn ſie mich ſähen, meine Beſte, in dem ſchwall von zerſtreuung, &c.

COULD LOTTA now her luckleſs Friend behold,
Loſt in the throng of Int'reſt's vulgar crew,
At ev'ry ſtep by narrow minds controul'd,
Mov'd puppet-like, and mov'd by puppets too;

Condemn'd to tread this dry unfruitful Land,
Not once refreſh'd with Feeling's precious dew;
And, when I graſp my neighbour's wooden hand,
To ſhrink with horror back—and think on you!

Were I once more but ſeated at your feet,
And all our darling Babes around me roll'd;
Could I again ſuſpend their clamour ſweet,
While I to them ſome fearful Story told;
Not all the wealth on INDIA's golden ſhore
Should bribe me to forſake ſuch cordial pleaſures more.

July 31. 1792.

SONNET C.

From Werter, Part I. Letter VIII.

O meine Freunde, warum der Strom des Genies ſo ſelten aufbricht, &c.

Ah, why ſo ſeldom does the ſtream of Song
Break forth, by Genius ſwell'd beyond controul,
So ſeldom pour its mighty waves along,
And whelm, with Rapture's flood, th' aſtoniſh'd ſou

Why, but for this—that all along the ſhore
The pedant Sons of claſſic Taſte reſide,
Who tremble when they hear the waters roar,
For all their pretty works on either ſide;

Left all that ſwells their feeble hearts with pride,
Their ſcentleſs, tiny beds of Tulips gay,
Their Roots ſo rare, and ſummer Domes beſide,
Should by the torrent rude be ſwept away;
Whoſe force they ſtrive inceſſant to reſtrain,
By many a critic Dam, and many a formal Drain.

Aug. 1. 1792.

Tranſlated from Thummel's Wilhelmine, a German Poem, Canto II.

So ſteht ein blühendes, unſchuldiges Mädchen, &c.

See with what bluſhing grace yon blooming Maid
Before th' aſſembled ſchool of Painters ſtands,
Compell'd, by want, to leave at large diſplay'd
Each ſecret charm, when curious Art commands.

While with the Left of her pure virgin hands
She hides thoſe eyes, which dart reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Her trembling Right the laſt thin veil diſbands,
And anxious thus ſhe waits the purchas'd hour.

The firmeſt Youth, while he ſuch beauties views,
Muſt oft with faulty ſtrokes his paper fill,
While the calm Boy, whom no deſires confuſe,
Can here alone ſurpaſs his Maſter's ſkill:
His childiſh hand obeys the pow'r of Art,
Before Love's mightier pow'r invades his peaceful heart.

Aug. 2. 1792.

SONNET CII.

From Werter, Part II. Letter XXIX.

Weis Gott, ich lege mich ſo oft zu bette, &c.

God knows how oft I in my bed lie down,
With anxious wiſhes never more to riſe;
How oft, when Morning's rays the mountains crown,
I view the Sun again with hateful eyes.

Could I the blame upon ſome other throw;
Could I, like other wretches, peeviſh be;
Could I the weather curſe, this weight of woe,
But half its burden then would reſt on me.

Alas! too well I feel that all the blame
(If blame it be) on me alone depends;
From this poor heart that all the mis'ry came,
That no external guilt its fault defends;
This Heart, ſo late the ſource of ev'ry joy,
Whence now thoſe poiſons flow, which all my peace
ſtroy.

Aug. 4. 1792.

From the ſame Letter.

Bin ich nicht noch eben derſelbe, &c.

Am I not ſtill the ſame, whoſe ardent eye
Once found a Paradiſe in ev'ry place;
Whoſe hours were ting'd with Feeling's richeſt dye;
Whoſe ample Heart could all the world embrace?

But now that Heart is dead:—from it no more,
In lib'ral ſtreams, the waves of rapture flow;
Dry are thoſe eyes, which once with eaſe ran o'er
At each fictitious tale of pleaſing woe.

I ſuffer much; for I, in one ſad hour,
Have loſt what gave my life its only praiſe,
That ſacred, plaſtic, animating pow'r,
By which I once could Worlds around me raiſe:
My Senſes, cool'd no more by Feeling's rain,
Now crowd together all, and load my burning brain.

SONNET CIV.

This and the four following Sonnets are all from W
Part I. Letter XXXVII.

Das war eine Nacht, Wilhelm, nun überſteh ich alles, d

Oh what a Night! and ne'er to ſee her more!
Could I to thee, my Friend, for refuge fly,
Each bitter tear into thy boſom pour,
And breathe upon thy neck each ſtormy ſigh!

Here reſtleſs now I ſit, and gaſp for breath,
And ſeek my heart's wild tumult to allay;
And wait, like him whom morning calls to death,
The morn that calls me from theſe fields away.

Alas! ſhe ſleeps in peace—nor does ſhe dream
That ſhe will never more her WERTER ſee,
Who ſternly ſtems at laſt wild Paſſion's ſtream,
And ſtrongly ſtrives and ſtruggles to get free:
Nor did he once his firm reſolve betray,
But heard each word divine, and tore himſelf away.

Aug. 5. 1792.

Niemals geh ich im Mondenlichte Spazieren, &c.

NE'ER do I walk beneath the Lunar ray
But my departed Friends to thought ariſe;
But Death, and all beyond, in clear diſplay,
Seem ſtill to ſtand before my penſive eyes.

It muſt be ſo:—we there ſhall live anew:
But, WERTER, ſhall we there each other find?
And there, with thoſe we love, that love renew?—
What ſays to doubts like theſe thy active mind?—

"LOTTA," (in haſte my trembling tongue replied,
And graſp'd her hand, while tears bedim'd my view,)
"Nor life, nor death, can love like ours divide,
"Both here and there ſhall we that love renew!"
Ah, why ſuch words, behov'd ſhe then to ſay,
When heavy at my heart the parting anguiſh lay!

SONNET CVI.

O Albert, ſagte ſie, ich weis, du vergiſst nicht die Abende, &c.

Oh ne'er will I forget, at cloſe of day,
How we, dear Albert, with my Mother ſate,
When bus'neſs oft my Father call'd away,
And ſleep had ſtill'd the Children's charming prate.

Some pious Book then oft employ'd thy hand,
But ſeldom did thine eye one page peruſe;
For could not ſhe more uſeful words command
Than many a Preacher's tongue has pow'r to uſe?

Was not each thought of that ſuperior mind,
That matchleſs Mother, and unequall'd Wife,
For ever active, cheerful, good and kind,
Of more avail than all their rules of life?
God knows how oft to him with tears I pray'd,
To be, in ev'ry point, like that dear Mother made.

Aug. 6. 1792.

Wenn ſie ſie gekannt hätten, ſagte ſie, &c.

Hadst thou, dear Werter, but my Mother known,
And ſhe was worthy to be known by thee;
Yet was ſhe ſummon'd to the world unknown
While her laſt Babe ſate ſmiling on her knee.

Though ling'ring ſickneſs did her frame deſtroy,
She, to the laſt, was patient and reſign'd;
Her Children all, but chief her youngeſt Boy,
Alone alarm'd her fond, maternal mind.

And ſuch a Woman muſt ſo ſoon decay!
And with what eaſe we ſuffer, from our view,
That Cuſtom's pomp ſhould all we love convey,
Which none more keenly feel than Children do!
Our darling Babes complain'd for many a day,
That thoſe vile Men in black their Mother bore away.

SONNET CVIII.

Wie es gegen das ende gieng, und ſie zu mir ſagte, &c.

When near her end my fainted Mother drew,
She ſpoke—and up her children all were brought,
Both thoſe their heavy loſs that hardly knew,
And thoſe whom grief had robb'd of ſenſe and thought

As round the bed they ſtood, ſhe fervent pray'd,
With lifted hands, and kiſs'd them each in turn:
"Be thou their mother," then the dear one ſaid;
This hand, extended, was my ſole return:—

"Much haſt thou promis'd by that ſimple ſign,
"A Mother's feeling, and a Mother's eye!
"Yet that thou know'ſt how great a charge is thine,
"From theſe, thy grateful tears, I well deſcry:
"This let theſe Babes, and let thy Father find,
"In thee a tender Wife's obedient, faithful mind!"

Aug. 12. 1792.

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid. LUCRETIUS.

OH thou to whom ſuch rural charms belong,
GIFFORD, adieu!—the parting thanks receive
Of him thy peaceful bow'rs detain'd ſo long,
Who now prepares thoſe fading bow'rs to leave;

Where, each returning morn, the pow'rs of Song,
His fingers taught ſome fragrant wreath to weave,
And ſocial merriment led ſwift along
The jocund hours of each returning eve.

And yet, ſweet Village, I ſhould thee deceive,
Were I to breathe my thanks in plaintive ſtrain,
Or promiſe, at the thought, one ſigh to heave,
That I to thee may ne'er return again:
For Fate prepares no cup of human joy,
Whoſe taſte one bitter drop may not at once deſtroy.

Oct. 8. 1792.

SONNET CX.

Αλλὰ Σελάνα
Φαινη Καλον· τὶν γὰρ πετεισόμαι ἀσυχα δαῖμον.
THEOCRITUS.

DEAR Orb, whoſe progreſs through the midnight ſky,
In ſilent pomp, ſo fair a World diſplays;
How oft, alas! thy throne, though plac'd on high,
Is veil'd by envious clouds from mortal gaze!

Each dark eclipſe of thine, this penſive eye,
With more than common ſympathy, ſurveys;
And ſcarce can I forbear to heave a ſigh
At each malignant ſhade that ſhrouds thy rays.

Like thee, fair Orb, this wayward ſoul of mine
Now glides through Life's expanſe, ſerene and clear,
And, fill'd with ample ſtore of light divine,
Purſues, in Triumph's pace, her bright career:
And now, enſlav'd to Melancholy's ſway,
Thro' clouds of mental miſt ſlow works her weary way.

Mail-Coach, Nov. 1. 1792.

YES, YORKSHIRE, many a charming ſpot is thine,
Where ſome ſweet Cottage might be cheaply plac'd,
Where Virtue ſtill might find a humble ſhrine,
And Peace, her daughter, be a conſtant gueſt:

In which, perhaps, were but LOUISA mine,
And ev'ry want by mutual Love diſplac'd,
We might the World, with all its pomp, reſign,
And live alone to Nature and to Taſte.

Such were the thoughts of Diſappointment's Child;
Of him whom Hope but flatters to betray;
Of him whom Fancy had ſo oft beguil'd,
As late he ſought AUGUSTA's turrets gay;
In hopes her brilliant ſcenes (as once before)
Might to their former ſtrength his ſhatter'd nerves reſtore.

Mail Coach, Nov. 2. 1792.

SONNET CXII.

Quantum mutatus ab illo! VIRGIL.

AND would ALCINDOR then his Friend detain,
Where he his ſocial part ſo poorly plays;
His weak, degen'rate Friend, who ſtrives in vain
To keep the promiſe of his better days?

And ſee'ſt thou not, that now thy ſocial train
The ſilent Wretch with alter'd eye ſurveys,
While each, with wonder mov'd, and juſt diſdain,
Revokes the accents of his former praiſe?

Permit him then this once-lov'd ſcene to fly,
Where his ſick ſoul no more can pleaſure find,
And hide in ſolitude, from ev'ry eye,
The deep depreſſion of his wayward mind;
Till Heav'n once more diſpell the mental gloom,
Or ſhroud his frailties all within the peaceful tomb.

London, Dec. 19. 1792.

Ev'n yet to me theſe faded Violets dear
Retain the ſweetneſs of their firſt perfume,
When She, whoſe ſmiles alone can life endear,
Beſtow'd the gift in all its vernal bloom.

And ſtill, at times, to Mem'ry's penſive ear,
Thoſe charming notes their former life reſume,
With which her voice (itſelf a heav'n to hear!)
So richly fill'd the dear Elyſian Room.—

Nay, more,—at times, before my penſive ſight,
Kind Mem'ry's pow'r her lovely form diſplays,
And throws around my ſteps that radiant light,
By Hope invok'd, to gild my future days.
Theſe fairy Friends, theſe dear deluſive Pow'rs,
The pangs of Abſence ſoothe, and cheer his languid hours.

Dalmeny, June 28. 1793.

SONNET CXIV.

In vain, while abſent from her cheering ſight,
Whoſe graceful image fills my raptur'd mind,
From all that meets the ear, or ſtrikes the ſight,
This widow'd Heart amuſement ſeeks to find—

In vain—ſince not a ſound can give delight,
Like her ſoft voice, to this enamour'd mind;
Nor theſe fond eyes, but from the gentle light
Of her ſweet ſmiles, can aught of pleaſure find.

Not Nature, dreſs'd in all her vernal hues,
Can now with wonted pow'r my fancy pleaſe,
Nor ſocial mirth the tedious hours amuſe,
Nor Friendſhip's ſelf my troubled ſpirit eaſe;
While ev'ry thought the weight of abſence mourns,
And ſtill, thou darling Maid, to thee returns!

How oft, ALCINDOR, has the Muſe declar'd,
That one ſweet Month, to penſive Mem'ry dear,
Whoſe rich, triumphant joys, with thee were ſhar'd,
Would ſtill the brighteſt of our Lives appear!

And yet, though penſive Mem'ry thus deſpair'd,
And fix'd that month our utmoſt proſpect here,
What are its charms (at leaſt to me) compar'd
With the ſweet triumphs of this glorious year?

For then, though Love illum'd our youthful hours
With fancied Pleaſure's rich, romantic ray,
Yet muſt the glories of his myrtle bow'rs
Before that ſtronger Paſſion fade away,
Which now with better influence rules the mind,
Inſpir'd by Reaſon, and with Hope conjoin'd.

SONNET CXVI.

Ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἰὼν σιλάῳ, ὃς μὲ τα——
——ἀναίνηται ἰὼν ἀθεμίστια ἤδη. HOMER.

O thou, who, far from envy, ſtrife and care,
Spend'ſt in theſe calm retreats thy tuneful hours,
Reſtrain thy vagrant feet—and, oh, beware
The ſpeckled Snake that lurks among the flow'rs.

A gloomy Demon haunts theſe verdant Bow'rs,
Deforms with envious glance their proſpects fair,
O'er all their charms in grim defiance lours,
And taints with venom'd breath their wholeſome air.

Yet, though he works whatever wrong he dare,
Nor aught regards the hoſpitable Pow'rs,
But, leaving many a wall to ruin bare,
Without remorſe the poor man's bread devours;
Let not the Muſe pronounce ſo baſe a name,
Or damn th' ignoble Wretch to everlaſting fame.

Dalmeny; June 29. 1793.

Quantum mutatus ab illo! VIRGIL.

FROM him whoſe languid limbs were lately laid,
Chain'd to this cuſtom'd couch with bolts of pain,
To ſoothe the anguiſh of whoſe aching head,
No ſlumber came, though oft invok'd in vain;

From him, whoſe ſpirit, by Deſpondence ſway'd,
Beheld, in ev'ry thought, but forms of Pain;
Whoſe mental gloom increas'd the midnight ſhade,
Nor hop'd that Comfort's Sun would riſe again:

How ſweetly chang'd is he who here reclines,
Who, at the cloſe of each delightful day,
To ſoft repoſe his active limbs reſigns,
And wakes refreſh'd, to hail the Morning ray;
Whom all the gayeſt forms of Hope ſurround;
Whoſe brows are now at laſt with Love's own myrtle crown'd!

Edinburgh, July 16. 1793.

SONNET CXVIII.

On finiſhing the Orlando Innamorato.

THIS half-burleſque and half-romantic Song,
By BERNI's art to ſecond youth renew'd,
Which, but by ſtarts perus'd, appear'd ſo long*,
By perſeverance is at laſt ſubdued.

With me, for many a year, it went along,
Where'er ſweet Summer taught my ſteps to rove;
BLAIRLOGIE's Hills, and NEWTON's Glens among,
The Woods of GIFFORD, and DALMENY's Grove:

When mid thoſe Hills I paſs'd the peaceful day,
And rang'd thoſe verdant Woods, devoid of care,
Or when among thoſe well-known Glens I lay,
The languid, liſtleſs victim of Deſpair:
And when of late I trac'd that pleaſing Grove,
The gayeſt Vot'ry of ſucceſsful Love.

Sept. 30. 1793.

* It conſiſts of ſixty-nine Cantos.

YES, I can now behold, with careleſs eye,
Each mournful ſymptom of the year's decay;
Nor do I heave one ſympathetic ſigh,
While I through Nature's deſolation ſtray.

To ſee around the faded foliage fly,
And tuneful birds forſake each leafleſs ſpray;
To ſee ſweet Summer and his glories die,
Now fills this alter'd heart with feelings gay *.

Winter's approach I now with joy ſurvey,
And Autumn ſhrinking from his icy hand;
For he (ſo whiſpers Hope in accents bland)
Will give more comfort than he takes away;
Will to my bow'rs a dearer Muſic bring,
And round my dwelling ſhed a fairer Spring.

Oct. 15. 1793.

* This Sonnet was intended as a contraſt to the beginning of the Paradiſe of Taſte, which was written in October 1787.

SONNET CXX.

ALAS, for BRITAIN, for my native Land!
Amid ſuch awful ſymptoms of decay,
But ſhort, I fear me, will thy glories ſtand,
To ſwift deſtruction doom'd a cureleſs prey!

What better hope, when ev'n Religion's band,
With lips profane, 'gainſt Sanctity inveigh!
And crouching low, at Splendor's leaſt command,
For mean regards, their ſacred truſt betray!

What better hope, when Faſhion's lighteſt wand
The ſnakes of Conſcience thus aſleep can lay;
And Faith's fair flow'rs, neglected on the ſand,
Unbath'd with dew celeſtial, fade away!
While thoſe, who for their growth ſome zeal ſhould ſhow,
Dare, ev'n with hallow'd hand, Corruption's tares to ſow!

Newbattle, Aug. 5. 1794.

My God, my Saviour, Maſter, Father, Friend!
And more than all theſe tender names to me,
To this dark ſoul ſome beams of comfort ſend,
And give theſe anxious eyes thy Grace to ſee!

Pure are the thoughts which muſt to thee aſcend,
And pure thoſe hands that riſe in pray'r to thee;
Before thy Throne the humbled Heart muſt bend,
Elſe vain each homage of the ſuppliant knee.

Nought to thy ear ſhould mortal tongue convey
But deep regret for ev'ry error paſt,
And humble Hope, that thy celeſtial ray
Will with perfection clothe the Soul at laſt:
Though not below, yet in thoſe glorious Lands,
Where Mercy's altars blaze, and Love's own temple ſtands!

St. Ninian's, June 16. 1795.

SONNET CXXII.

TWICE ten revolving years have paſt away,
Since Four, conjoin'd by Nature's neareſt ties,
Spent in one happy home their peaceful day,
And clos'd beneath one roof their ſleeping eyes.

Snatch'd in Life's middle Stage by Fate away,
The Sire intomb'd in ABREDONIA lies;
EDINA ſaw the Mother's ſlow decay,
And gave her ſpirit to its native ſkies:

The luckleſs Daughter, who, that bliſsful time,
In infant beauty ſmil'd upon them all,
Like ſome fair bloſſom blaſted in its prime,
Within AUGUSTA's walls was doom'd to fall.
Of all the race, the Son remains alone,
To mourn their fates, and muſe upon his own.

January 1796.

Oh thou, for more than three revolving years,
Whom ſcarce one night has ſever'd from my ſide;
Whom ev'ry paſſing day but more endears,
And far exalts the Spouſe above the Bride!

Balm of my life! let us together join
In fervent thanks to that almighty Sire,
When late we truſted in his care divine,
Who gracious granted all our fond deſire.

Light o'er our Cherubs paſs'd the morbid Pow'r *,
And ſcarcely touch'd their foreheads as he flew;
The needleſs terrors of one trembling hour
Was all which ev'n thine anxious boſom knew.
May all the Miniſters of human fate
Still from theſe darling Babes at equal diſtance wait!

Deanſton, March 1797.

* Alluding to the Inoculation of two children.

SONNET CXXIV.

Non Teſin, Po, Varo, Arno, Adige e Tebro. PETRARCH.

On DEE's green banks I firſt beheld the light,
And paſs'd in blameleſs eaſe the childiſh hours;
Tranſplanted thence to where the waves unite
Of FORTH and Ocean near EDINA's tow'rs:

But Friendſhip's frequent call my footſteps drew
To mark the charms of CLYDE's romantic ſtream;
TAY have I ſeen; and caught a tranſient view
Of TWEED, when ſilver'd by the lunar beam:

Beſide imperial THAMES, the wint'ry days
Of four gay months were all in pleaſure ſpent;
The torch of HYMEN firſt began to blaze
Where ESK low-murm'ring through his valley went:
And now, where TEITH through foliage glides along,
To ſoothe fair Mem'ry's ear, I chant this ſimple ſong.

Deanſton, June 1797.

The Laurel, meed of mighty Conquerors,
And Poets ſage. SPENSER.

ONE common wreath, the verdant Laurel crown,
Has long been fix'd, by Cuſtom's blind decree,
For thoſe in fields of blood who reap renown,
And thoſe, ſweet Muſe, that owe their fame to thee.

Yet who, 'twixt theſe, can aught of likeneſs ſee;
'Twixt him whoſe praiſe the widow's clamours drown,
Who gives to ſlav'ry thoſe that once were free,
And ſtrikes with Ruin's mace whole nations down?

'Twixt him what likeneſs, and the peaceful Bard,
Who ſpends in tuneful toils his harmleſs life,
Beſtows on gentle deeds his chief regard,
And hates each ſound of enmity and ſtrife?
Should not the crown, which warrior brows adorn,
Be view'd, by Learning's child, with juſt, indignant ſcorn?

Nov. 1797.

SONNET CXXVI.

From the Prologue to the Satires of Perſius.

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino, &c.

I NE'ER remember that theſe lips of mine
Allay'd their thirſt in the PIERIAN ſtream;
Nor on PARNASSUS did I ever dream,
To riſe a Poet full of rage divine.

The Muſe's fountain I to thoſe reſign,
Around whoſe ſtatues Ivy twines his train;
With humbler aim my artleſs, ruſtic vein,
Preſents her off'rings at APOLLO'S ſhrine.

Urg'd by the Tutor of each arduous art,
With human words who tips the Parrot's tongue;
And taught by whom, ſome Bards have gaily ſung
With empty purſes, and a hungry heart.
For ſtill where ſhines the glitt'ring hope of gain,
Ev'n Pyes and croaking Crows will ape the tuneful ſtrain.

April 1798.

To a Friend, who had been long miſled by an exaggerated account of my Fortune.

And could not then my Friend the reaſons gueſs
Which lib'ral ſouls with iron links confine?
Could he ſuppoſe, in Fortune's warm careſs
Profuſely bleſt, that I would thus repine?

Did I that ample revenue poſſeſs
Which Fame has pleas'd ſo raſhly to aſſign,
No dark forebodings ſhould my days diſtreſs,
No vulgar cares ſhould haunt this breaſt of mine.

Haſte then, and of thy Friend the truth reveal;
Of Fortune's gifts proclaim his ſlender ſhare;
And let him, reſcued by thy faithful zeal,
No more the World's unjuſt reproaches bear;
Nor that, which Prudence ought to be eſteem'd,
By blind, misjudging eyes, be Parſimony deem'd.

April 1798.

SONNET CXXVIII.

A Tranſlation of Pſalm XXIII.

Jevê roi, la aheſir.

God is my Shepherd—in his rich domain
No ſpot of barrenneſs or want is ſeen;
He leads, with careful hand, his fleecy train
To quiet ſtreams, and paſtures ever green.

Ev'n when I walk along that gloomy Vale
Where Death preſides, no fear ſhall touch my mind;
While He is by, no danger can aſſail,
Or wound the heart on his ſupport reclin'd.

By Him with plenty is my table ſpread,
Ev'n in the preſence of my envious foes;
The oil of gladneſs ſhines upon my head,
And with unmingled wine my cup o'erflows.
His goodneſs here ſhall all my footſteps guide,
And with himſelf at laſt, receive me to reſide.

Edinburgh, Oct. 1798.

Je fis de ſes ſermons mes plus cheres delices. BOILEAU.

How frail, alas, the ſtate of all below!
How wide extends Corruption's baneful ſway!
Of mortal excellence the growth how ſlow!
And yet how ſure, how rapid its decay!

Does not a Tree in God's own garden grow,
Whoſe charms theſe eyes unwearied could ſurvey;
And from whoſe leaves the fragrant gales that blow,
Alone can healing to my ſoul convey?

Yet in this Tree, ſo freſh in outward ſhow,
Corruption dwells beyond what Nature gives;
The vital ſap within has ceas'd to flow,
And the fair Cedar but by ſuff'rance lives:
Ev'n now perhaps impends the fatal blow,
That ſtrikes th' unhealthy root, and lays its honours low.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1798.

SONNET CXXX.

STERN Pow'r of Horror, whoſe funereal cry,
And feature grim, no tale of pleaſure tells;
What ſtrange delight can ev'n thy ſcenes ſupply,
Pourtray'd by thoſe in whom thy ſpirit dwells?

Such DANTE was, who paints the famiſh'd Sire,
Gnawing with ſavage guſt the hoſtile ſkull *;
And SHAKSPEARE ſuch, whoſe Hags, with many a dire
And loath'd ingredient, make their Caldron full †:

Such too is SCHILLER, whoſe unfilial MOOR
His Father keeps from light and life exil'd ‡;
And He whoſe hand unlocks that den obſcure,
Where wretched AGNES claſps her putrid child §.
On thee, ſtern Pow'r, the Muſe ſhould ſeldom call,
And ſhort to her retreats ſhould be thy viſits all.

Dec. 1798.

---

* Inferno, Canto XXXII.
† Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 1.
‡ Robbers, Act IV. Sc. 16.
§ Lewis' Monk, Vol. III.

AROUND a Father's neck, with tender twine,
Her ſlender arms the young ELIZA throws,
And, free from thought, contracts Night's heavy line
To one ſhort hour of undiſturb'd repoſe.

Thrice happy Child! thy boſom little knows
How much that Father's breaſt conceals of care;
How oft, in penſive mood, his fancy goes
In queſt of Hope, and only meets Deſpair.

To thee, ſweet Child, the Self-tormentor fears,
And to thy Sifters, what may yet befall,
(More helpleſs ſtill) in days of other years,
When Time ſhall have conſum'd that pittance ſmall,
Which once he vainly thought would ne'er decay,
But life with comfort cheer, and gild its lateſt day.

Sept. 1799.

WHY did I leave the calm, ſequeſter'd ſcene,
Where, in ſweet commerce with the pow'rs of Song,
The ſtream of life, unruffled and ſerene,
In one, unvaried tenor, flow'd along?

There bounteous Nature ſpread her carpet green
Beneath each motion of my feeble feet;
Nor were they doom'd, each friendly roof between,
To pace a weary length of painful ſtreet.

When Fate permitted ſtill, at Spring's return,
In queſt of rural bliſs at large to roam,

On the Death of Dr. Joſeph Warton.

AND art thou, venerable WARTON, gone,
Whoſe charming volumes I ſo oft explore;
To whom each claſſic field was largely known,
And whom both Taſte and Genius muſt deplore?

For Genius recollects that Lyric ſong,
Where Fancy was array'd in richeſt hues,
And call'd to fire, with emulation ſtrong,
Some new exertion of our Epic Muſe *:

And Taſte remembers well the Judge of POPE,
Who fill'd his critic page with varied lore,
And ſuch attraction mix'd, as none could hope
Again to ſee—as none had ſeen before †.
For all the pleaſure thou haſt giv'n my days,
This ſimple tribute now thy grateful Pupil pays.

March 1800.

---

* See his Ode to Fancy, in Dodſley's Collection, Vol. III.
† *Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.*

SONNET CXXXIV.

FATHER of Love! to whom ſo oft before,
For good receiv'd, theſe lips have rais'd the ſong,
And whom with louder voice I now adore—
To thee the pow'rs of Healing all belong.

What pow'r but thine could thus at once reſtore
Their wonted vigour to thoſe feeble knees,
Which late with ſtagg'ring pace their burden bore,
Which now are ſtrung anew to move with eaſe?

No ſecond cauſes here ariſe between,
To dim the brightneſs of thy Mercy's ray;
Direct from thee the wond'rous change is ſeen *,
Thy humble Creature bends, his thanks to pay;
To thy great hand alone refers the whole,
And feels unbounded love inflame his grateful ſoul!

Dec. 1800.

* The change here alluded to was only temporary.

On parting with a ſmall Copy of the Luſiad.

FAREWELL, thou LUSIAN Tome, of pigmy ſize,
Which yet contains great CAMOENS' Epic ſong,
By youthful fancy deem'd ſo rich a prize,
And borne ſo oft to rural haunts along!

Five children of the ſame poetic Sire
With me remain, thine abſence to ſupply,
Join with his Epic trump his tender Lyre,
And pleaſe with better garb the ſtanders by.

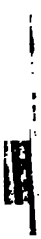
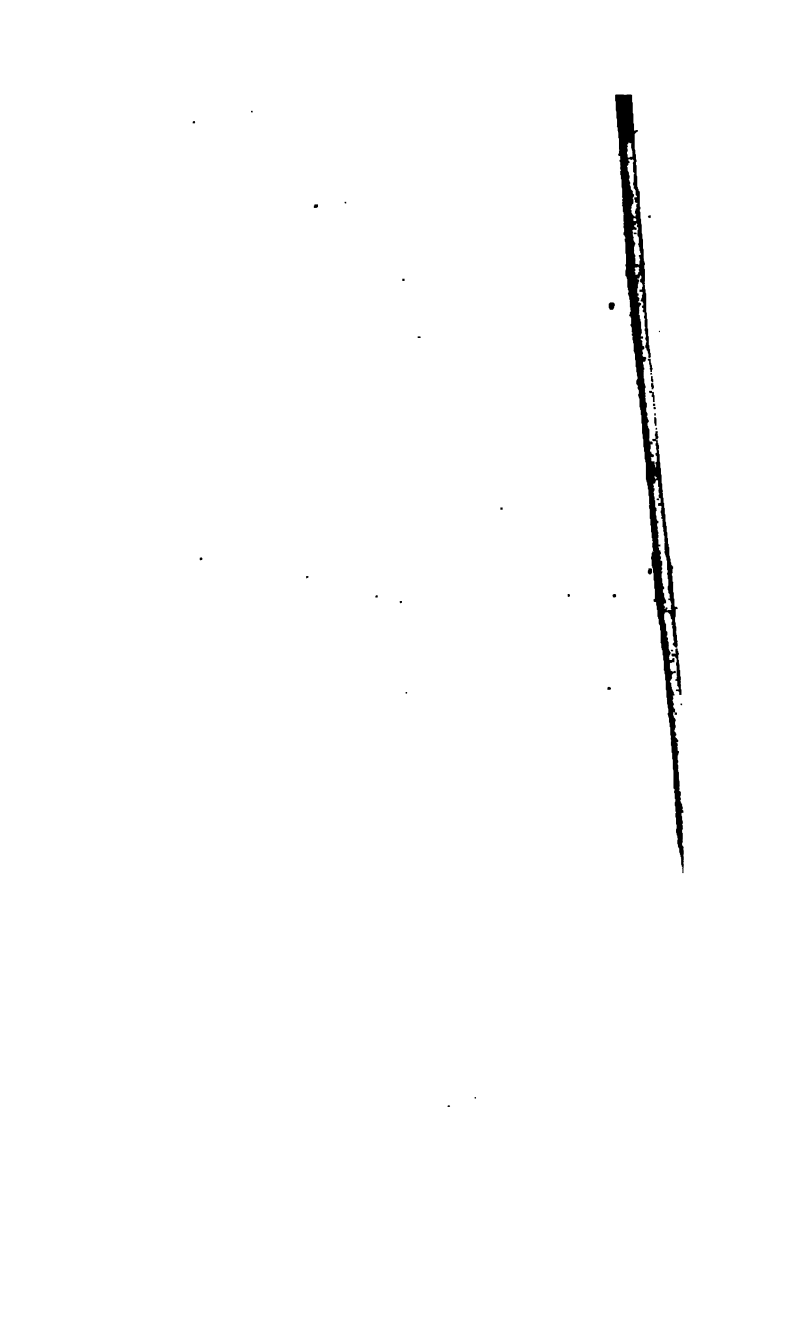
And yet, thou darling Tome, without a ſigh
Of deep regret, I cannot part from thee;
In thee, while Mem'ry, with reverted eye,
Such dear memorials of my youth can ſee!
Thy Brethren here can all thy words repeat,
But ah! without the tones that made thoſe words ſo ſweet!

May 28. 1801.

GLOSSARY TO THE SCOTTISH SONNET

Page 103.

Atween, between
Awa, away
Dochter, daughter
Doun, down
Dowie, dull, melancholy, cheerleſs
Fa', fall
Feckleſs, puny, weak
Fricht, fright
Gane, gone
Gar, make, cauſe
Gatte, got
Ghaiſt, ghoſt
Gloming, twilight
Grane, groan
Ha', hall
Hae, have
Hairt, heart
Heir, here
Hir, her
Lane, alone
Lang, long
Leefu' lane, quite alone
Lyfe, life
Mair, more
Mang, among
Murnfu', mournful
Nae, no, or not
Needna, needed not
Owre, over
Sae, ſo
Scho, ſhe
Sic, ſuch
Stude, ſtood
Sumthing, ſomething
Ta'en, taken
Theſtreen, laſt night
Thocht, thought
Tuik, took
Voyce, voice
Wa', wall
Wi', with
Wyfe, wife
Zou, you
Zour, your
Zung, young.

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

BODLEIANA